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The Bystander, May 22, 1935

No. 1640. Vol. CXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

WYNNE GIBSON: AN AMERICAN VISITOR

Wynne Gibson is one of the latest American film actresses to cross the Atlantic for picture-making this side. She has just finished work in Radio's "Admirals All," with Gordon Harker as co-star. Besides having looks and personality, she acts well; it is not unlikely that one of these days she'll get a really big break. She is a New Yorker; ran away from home to go on the stage, and started film work in 1930 in the Paramount Studio. Her best parts so far have been in "Cupid in the Rough" and "Emergency Call"

1. Miss Sarah Churchill and Miss Chris Andreae

2. Mr. Armistead, the Hon. Denise and the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller and Lord Townshend

5. The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage and Lady Hirst

Below:
6. Mr. John King Reckford and Miss Toni Chase

The Night Was Made For—

—Parties, And It May Be For Two, Two Hundred or Two Thousand

Left: Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice and his wife were at the reception given by the chairman and committee of Lloyd's, at which there were over two thousand guests, including the Prince of Wales

Swaebe

3. Lord Curzon and Miss Priscilla Weigall

4. Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair

7. Lady Jane FitzRoy and Lord Gillford

Swaebe

Mrs. Anthony Eden, Lady Oxford, and M. Beboutoff

Mrs. Anthony Eden was chairman of the International Ball, which was held under League of Nations auspices last week. Lady Oxford took a party to the Ball

1. Sarah Churchill, Winston Churchill's second daughter, and Chris Andreae were at Lady Townshend's dance for her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Townshend

2. The quartet leaning on the piano were at the Jubilee Trust gala at Nerone's; Denise and Lydia Yarde-Buller are Lord Churston's sisters

3. Lord Curzon and Priscilla Weigall, engaged since a fortnight ago, were an extension-night party of two at the Café de Paris

4. Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair went to Lloyd's enormous Jubilee reception; he is the Liberal M.P. for Caithness, and ex-Secretary of State for Scotland

5. Lady Hirst and her daughter, Mrs. Leslie Gamage, went to the "Brown on Resolution" première at the New Gallery

6. John King Reckford is an American "pencil king" who has business connections as well as a hunting stable in England; he and Toni Chase dined at the San Marco

7. Lady Jane FitzRoy, one of last year's star debs, and Lord Gillford went to Lady Elizabeth Townshend's coming-out dance at Claridge's

Right: Baron E. de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, and Miss Mary Clive, General Sir Sidney Clive's daughter, were two more guests at the Lloyd's party

Old Drury Itself Again

Ivor Novello's "Glamorous Night" Fills the Bill and the Theatre

The Gipsy Wedding

There are many spectacular scenes in "Glamorous Night," at Drury Lane, and above is a picture of one of them when the resources of the huge stage are given full play. It shows the mixing of blood in the marriage ceremony between the hero, Anthony Allen (Ivor Novello; author, actor and composer), a young English inventor who rescued Militza Hajos (Mary Ellis), an opera singer and ex-mistress of a king. She herself is of gipsy extraction, and the young couple, after many adventures, find themselves at last among her own people

Abdication Under Duress

Above: a dramatic scene in "Glamorous Night," showing the villain, Lydieff (Lyn Harding), attempting to force King Stefan (Barry Jones) to abdicate at the point of the pistol, little realising that the young Englishman, Anthony Allen (Ivor Novello), is about to put paid to this villain's account by a bullet through the window

A Fit of the Tantrums

Militza (Mary Ellis), like many opera stars and some kings' mistresses, is a temperamental creature who is liable to lose her temper on the slightest provocation. It is lucky, therefore, that her maid, Phœbe (Minnie Rayner), with a knowledge of how to deal with this sort of tantrum, is often at hand to placate the naughty temper and smooth the angry brow, as is seen on the left

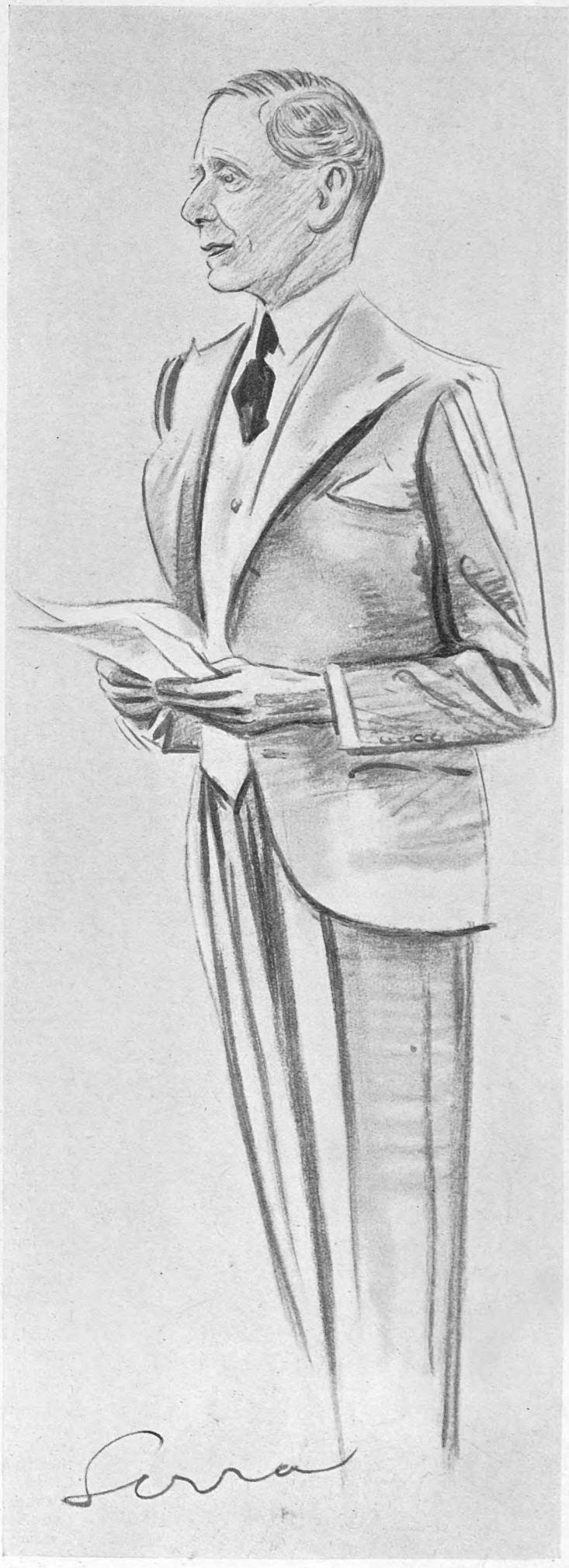
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 103

J. S. Elias

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra



JULIUS SALTER ELIAS, the man behind the *Daily Herald*, not to mention the *People*, *John Bull*, the *Passing Show*, the *Sporting Life*, and even *Debrett*, began life as a newspaper-boy, getting three bob a week for delivering copies of the *Daily Telegraph* at 5.45 a.m. in Hammersmith. His father was a Whitby jet salesman who came south from Birmingham, and could never find another job. Master Julius nearly got heart disease when doing his newspaper round. The servant girls were always just letting the dogs out, and they barked at him and tried to bite him. Poor kid, he was only ten and very hungry. His education, for which he paid fourpence a week, was thrown at him at St. Thomas's School, Goswell Road (now a cardboard factory). He never even passed the Fourth Standard, and after the age of thirteen he never had another lesson, not even in a night school. So he became an errand boy at five bob a week, with a sack of cheap jewellery on his back, working for M. H. Meyer, of Houndsditch. After a year he answered an anonymous advertisement and became an office-boy for six bob a week at the Carlyle Press. After eighteen months he saw another advertisement at which the wages were stated to be twelve shillings. He took the job, delivering handbills in Bloomsbury for a man who was selling pianos on the hire-purchase system. At the end of the week he was paid three shillings—his employer cynically explaining that he had meant twelve shillings a month, not a week. " J. S." still says that that was the biggest disappointment in his life. He was then fourteen.

FORTUNATELY, the Carlyle Press took him back, and he stayed five years, until it went bust. Then he was out of work for four months, tramping the streets each day. One time he only had a penny to spend on food all day. He spent it on a sticky, dusty mess of dates out of a street barrow.

Then came the turning-point of his life—an encounter with a fellow-clerk, the late William Camp Wing, outside the Tavistock Hotel, in Covent Garden. Wing had just got a job with a tiny firm of general printers in Floral Street. That firm, which then employed fifteen people, now employs nine thousand. It 's managing director and chairman is J. S. Elias. It 's name ? Obviously, Odhams.

WELL, there you are. No wonder he knows what the man in the street wants. That knowledge, coupled with intense application and an unparalleled gift for attracting loyalty, has made him the Napoleon of Long Acre. He is tiny (5 ft. $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.), light (barely 9 st.), indestructible (he works from 10 a.m. to 1 a.m.), fifty-four, and sometimes spectacled. He smokes incessantly, is less interested in food than I am in aerodynamics, has large lobes to his ears (always a sign of vitality), plays a dogged round of golf every week, as a tonic, at Old Fold Manor, collects ivories, and lives at Highgate.

As for business, he is merely a miracle-worker. He throws his bread on the water, like a drunken sailor, and it comes back in the form of iced cake.

Manhattan in the pre-Rockefeller and Vanderbilt days. The White Chief (June) and the Red Chief (Robert Hale) do not agree regarding the fate of Peter Van Dyke (Edward Cooper)

Second Thoughts on First Nights

June in May

Sketches by Rouson

Grannie (Sydney Fairbrother) does a bit of Ju-Ju for which she is subsequently very sorry indeed

CRUISING must find a serious rival in *Shall We Reverse?*, at the Comedy Theatre, where author Arthur Macrae, during the course of a single evening, conducts us to many colourful stopping-places, both in ancient as well as modern times. Which may give students of the drama a hint that this revue owes something to *As You Were*, adapted from the French of "Rip" by Arthur Wimperis, which achieved a run of 423 nights at the London Pavilion, and in which, as in *Shall We Reverse?*, the same characters also appear in divers places in ancient times. I always thought this framework a good one for revue, and I think Arthur Macrae deserves credit for being the first author for seventeen years—to the best of my belief—to make effective use of it.

AT the Comedy there is a certain Grannie (Sydney Fairbrother), who, like John Wellington Wells, is a dealer in magic and spells, and who disapproves of the engagement of her nephew (Edward Cooper) to Lady Caroline Swayne (June). She therefore uses her occult power to conjure up past pages of history in order to show that Lady Caroline comes of rotten stock. Luckily, this young lady's ancestors were somewhat scattered, and during the course of the evening we find them in an English country house, at Versailles, on the Mayflower, at a Paris ballet school, in South Africa, at Salisbury, Florence, Athens, Martinique, and goodness knows where else besides. All these varied scenes and periods give the author every opportunity for the display of wit and satire.

And, by certain members of his company, the author has been well served. Sydney Fairbrother and Robert Hale, for instance, are old-timers who know their job and how to lift a scene and keep one going; Queenie Leonard, too, also possesses a flair for putting things across; there are other members of the company who work hard and successfully, as do a good-looking and clever chorus; but, to be perfectly frank, June, though as appealing as ever, has not the technique nor the strength to act the Carolines throughout the centuries, and Edward Cooper, as her lover, is of the naturalistic school which may or may not be suitable for cocktail comedy but is rather lost here. Of the two Arthurs, Wimperis was assuredly luckier than Macrae, for in *As You Were*, Delysia and that fine comedian, the late John Humphries, played the principal parts.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Lady Winchilsea

Sketched at one of the innumerable charity ball committee-and-cocktail-parties that fill the engagement-books of most leading hostesses. Lady Winchilsea's little black straw hat had two white flowers on its brim

Mrs. Harold Huth

Went out to lunch in a shiny black sailor hat, and a fox cape to keep off the biting May winds. She was formerly Lady Hindlip, and married Harold Huth last summer

Miss Tunie Karri-Davies

Was a programme-seller at the Spring Ball at Claridge's when she was sketched. Her high-necked dress was of pale-blue moiré

Chaos is Lady Harcourt's dachshund; he went with his mistress on her week-end visit to the country

Lady Harcourt

Spent a week-end at her brother, Lord Ebury's place, which is called Red Heath and is near Rickmansworth. She has quite recovered from the effects of her bad taxi accident in Paris

Celebrities at the Royal Tournament at Olympia

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught watching the performance

Chairman, General Purposes Committee, Brig.-General Sir C. W. King, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G.

The Italian Ambassador and Donna Antoinetta Grandi

One of the judges of mounted events, Lieut. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Queen's Own Hussars

Brig.-General the Earl of Lucan, K.B.E., C.B., T.D., representing the Territorial Army

The Duchess of Northumberland and her two daughters, Lady Diana and Lady Elizabeth Percy

Two of the judges for dismounted events: Wing-Com. R. G. Sherriff, M.C., and Major T. H. Wand-Tetley, O.B.E.

Miss Martha Magrane

Yes, it's American, that smile: Martha Magrane is over here for the summer with her mother, who has taken a house in Queen Anne's Mansions as a change from North Carolina. Rumour says that Miss Magrane went bicycling as a way of getting past the Jubilee traffic

Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston

Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston and her two small daughters, Maureen and Denise, were photographed in Piccadilly just after they'd been doing a round of the Academy

Lady Alington and Miss Angela Duncan

Were photographed at the Paul Maze exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries. Angela Duncan is a daughter of Major-General Sir John Duncan

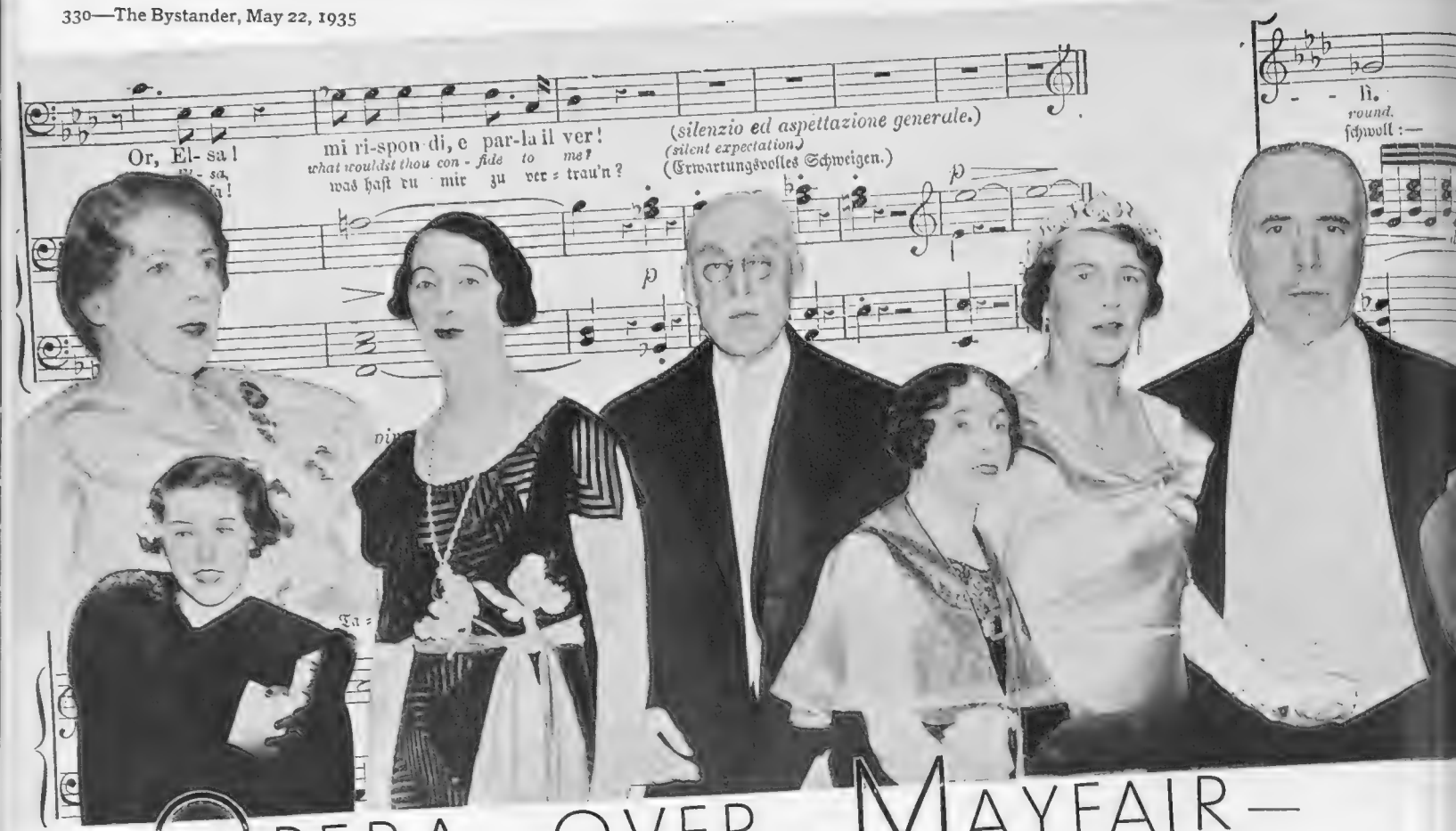
Street Scenes and Picture Shows

Baron Franckenstein and Mrs. FitzGerald

Left: the Austrian Minister and Mrs. Desmond Fitz-Gerald inspected Paul Maze's drawings together, she looking as lovely as usual in a turned-back hat with white flowers on it

Right: Mrs. Claude Leigh is with her debutante daughter, Joyce, who is so absurdly like her. Mrs. Leigh, besides organising the Debutantes' Ball, is giving a dance of her own later in the season, for Joyce Leigh and stepdaughter Joan Leigh

Mrs. Claude Leigh and Joyce Leigh



OPERA OVER MAYFAIR—

Or, Glamorous

OPERA is the Thing once more, after twenty years of varying fortunes, and both socialites and social lights have noted the revival-premières with the three loveliest prime donne in memory. Film-star Grace Moore will be a sensation in *Bohème*, slim and delicious little Lili Pons will be seen and heard in the *Barber*, and Conchita Supervia will be the best Carmen since Calvé. The wonderful voice of Rethberg combined with the re-born Russian Ballet will make *Prince Igor* a grand night. We shall see brilliant audiences and expect to find there the Father of the House, Sir Robert Hadfield, the Mother being, presumably, Mrs. Kinnell (Annie Lady Cowdray's sister), both of whom have kept their boxes from Edwardian days, while a few Coronation-year box-holders, like Violet, Lady Melchett, Mrs. Glasgow, Mrs. Washington Singer, Lady Beit, Lady Alice Mahon, and Mr. Saxton Noble, are still subscribers, some preferring stalls, where we may also find Mr. Robert Crawshay, who had a box in 1884. Box-hostesses of 1900 who may be seen are Mrs. Leo de Rothschild, Lady Plymouth, Lady Wavertree, and Mrs. Murray Guthrie.

Romance at the Garden? In 1884, a young man vowed, when his wife died in his arms returning from Covent Garden in their brougham, that he would not step inside the house for fifty years. Last year he returned in ballet time. . . .

● WELL-KNOWN subscribers of 1935 include Captain Cazalet, M.P., Lady Mary Dunn, Lady Moira Lyttelton, Lord Dudley, Lord Allendale, Lord Duveen, the Ronnie Trees, the Duchess of Westminster, the Howard de Waldens, Lady Fairhaven, Lord Ivor Churchill, Lady Carnarvon, Mrs. Chester Beatty, assorted d'Erlangers, Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, Lord Lonsdale, the Bradfords, the Jack Courtaulds. And holding her circle behind the former Ripon box is Lady Cunard. . . .

● "WE 'RE ruined as ruined can be. . . ." could be the song of the Opera Syndicates, since five out of six successive syndicates have retired defeated, carrying with them, however, all the costumes and wigs, so that somewhere in storage are wardrobes for a thousand operas.

It is still the prettiest of the world's smaller opera-houses, as well as the most perfect for acoustics.

You will meet Mr. Gye this year, in stone, and looking rather like Mozart's Commander, for his statue is on the half-landing, helping to receive, with Melba's bust ("Not a bad likeness" she said once, as we passed it). Mr. Gye, husband of Mme. Albani, rebuilt the opera's fortunes, but got some bad news on a visit to Paris in 1856, when he learnt that at the end of a carnival-orgy of opera (*La Sonnambula*), pantomime and bal masqué lasting *two days*, fire had broken out, and in twenty-four hours destroyed the theatre, except for the Flaxman frieze and portico. A contemporary print shows the masked revellers—it was at 5 a.m.—the nymphs in white crinolines, the men in top-hats, flying in terror and joined by the ballet girls from the dressing-rooms. Whiskered Captain Braidwood and his firemen were powerless against a blaze that lit the Surrey hills. A day later, the Queen and all the West End were seeing

Left: "After the Opera." A Victorian scene outside the old Opera House, reproduced by permission of the publishers, from G. M. Young's "Early Victorian England"

Left to right: Lady Cunard, Lady Mary Dunn, Mrs. Jack Courtauld, Sir Robert Hadfield, Violet, Lady Melchett, Lady Allendale, Sir Thomas Beecham, Lady Jowitt, Captain Victor Cazalet, the Duchess of Westminster

Above, top: Miss Penelope Dudley Ward and the Marquis de Cappelli at Covent Garden on Jubilee night

Above: Lady Bute and Lady Tiverton talking during a long Wagner interval

Nights at Covent Garden

By MIRÓN

the blackened sights. Priceless manuscripts and £60,000-worth of costumes perished and everybody was sad to think that, of course, Covent Garden was dead for evermore. . . .

● But they had reckoned without Mr. Gye. . . . He sent for the architect of the greatly admired Charing Cross Hotel, who built him an entirely new house — the theatre we know and love, with all its inconveniences — and it opened in 1858 with *The Huguenots*. Three years later, Patti, Tietjens, Albani made their English début, and, with Michael Costa as conductor, the 'sixties were all glorious. In the 'seventies and 'eighties it declined, and well-informed operamanes agreed that, of course, the voices were "not what they used to be." (They never are.) The first *Ring* (with Wagner's blessing) was given in 1882. Sir Augustus Harris became manager in 1888, featuring the two de Reszke's and introducing Melba, good showman that he was. But socially it was in a decline when Lady de Grey, later Lady Ripon, took control in 1898 with the famous Mr. Harry Higgins as manager. The great Melba-Caruso days were on us (the stalls were 32s. each on their nights), and with the Prince, later King Edward, in the omnibus box every night, Covent Garden became for a decade an evening's Royal Enclosure. Except on Saturday nights, when Eton boys were sent with their German ex-governesses, and boxes were given away with a gracious condescension, most nights were as bejewelled as the Command Performance on May 29th this year.

● Pre-war memories recall a curious night when that femme fatale, Mrs. Atherton, received her men friends in a box. The tiara-d ladies in the other boxes focussed hostile opera-glasses on her, curious but indignant, as one by one their husbands crept out of the boxes to pay a visit. To-day's fatal women (I must ask "Mr. Pepys" if there are any) go out to the refreshment foyer (empty before the war) looking for the photographers. . . .

● Originally built by John Rich in 1731, on the site of the house where playwright Wycherley married Lady Drogheda and was visited by Charles II., the first theatre opened with Congreve's *Way of the World*, and a £200-capacity house. It had the first separate Royal entrance. Handel raised £50,000 for the Italian opera, the *Messiah* was given in 1743, and here the famous actors of their days appeared, Peg Woffington, the Kembles, Siddons. In 1808 a too-realistic gun on the stage started the fire which destroyed the first house, Handel's organ, and the Beef-steak Club. But led by that patron of the arts, the Prince Regent (recently deprecated by Lord Derby and praised by Osbert Sitwell), and the Duke of Northumberland, who gave £10,000, architect Smirke of British Museum fame, designed the very classic theatre destroyed in the second fire. It boasted 210 boxes, and 3000 seats. There were riots for weeks in protest against the new prices of 7s. for the boxes and 4s. for the pit-stalls.

The century-old rivalry with Drury Lane intensified, and all the stars, like Phelps, Macready, royal mistresses like Mrs. Jordan, and such actress-peeresses as the Countesses of Essex and Harrington appeared. Here Edmund Kean had a stroke in *Othello* in 1833. But Opera did not return from the Haymarket till 1847, when Jenny Lind made her first appearance. It became very smart, and one had to be in a long-tailed coat with ruffles at the wrist, white cravat, and white kid-gloves, by Mr. Gye's orders (obeyed by his statue, you will note), so that going to hear Berlioz, Donizetti, Bellini, and the early Verdi was an oppressively fashionable duty. In 1855 a gala performance, the last in the second theatre, was held, with the Queen and Prince Consort, in honour of Napoleon and his ravishing Empress. They arrived at 10 o'clock, after the first act of *Fidelio*, and the band struck up the *Partant pour le Syrie* . . . while faithful Mr. Gye hovered discreetly but elegantly in the background. . . .

Lord Justice Maugham in the Library

JUSTICE UNROBED

Our Judges at Home

No. 8 Lord Justice Maugham

LORD JUSTICE MAUGHAM is thought by many lawyers to possess the best brain in the Court of Appeal, where he and his brother-in-law, Lord Justice Romer, sit happily together. The friendship between the two men began long ago at Trinity Hall, was cemented when "Freddy" Maugham married Miss Romer, and continues to this day. Somerset Maugham, author and playwright, is the Lord Justice's brother—a remarkable instance of talent running in a family. Sir Frederic is very lively and active, with the good shoulders appropriate to a rowing Blue, and the keen eye of the outdoor man. A youngster who met him in the Bar Golf Tournament not many years ago, and who expected a Chancery Judge of sixty-five to be a rabbit, received the surprise of his life when the old gentleman out-drove him by forty yards at the first hole, and continued the process, only more so, at every hole thereafter. The young man expressed the view that Maugham was an old fraud. And the wily one, who probably read the boy's thoughts, would smile sweetly all the way round. A certain sub-acid flavour lends spice to his judgments; and he prefers counsel who argue before him to be competent—and does not hesitate to say so.

Next Week: Mr. Justice Eve

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

NOT content with the Poet Laureate's official Jubilee offering, which, it seemed to us, any alert British housewife worthy of the name might have jotted down in the intervals of dusting, Auntie *Times* printed a Jubilee poem by Mr. W. J. Turner the other day. Mr. Turner, addressing Mother England—

Thy great deeds past, thy deeds as yet unsung
Lead mankind on. From strength thy sweetness wrung
Delights like truth refined from life's fierce lie.

Peroration :

Pacific Empire lit by the Sun of Hope
Whose bright fire shall not pale on thy domain
But on some eminence caught shed new light down
Where men submerged, as through a periscope,
See Dawn and from their darkness rise again.

This poem was received and approved by Auntie *Times's* Editorial Board, all venerable and solemn old gentlemen in long whiskers and white waistcoats ; conveyed by their order to the Printer ; printed in Auntie's most important type (admirals'-letter size) ; read in proof by Auntie's readers, all Oxford dons ; passed by Auntie's censor of morals, and duly set in Auntie's leader page. And not one of these authorities had the impulse to add any sort of playful footnote, gloss, or marginal comment saying that, after all, the Carnival Spirit is abroad, and a girl can't be always serious (as Herbert Spencer said when he hid Miss Whalebone's ball of wool, for fun) ; and, in brief, that there are times when a girl may be allowed to kick her heels in a decorous and gentlewomanly way without offending against propriety or tearing the old crinoline.

The only thing we 'd add ourselves would be a tiny, appreciative footnote saying we 'd never read anything half so good of its kind before, even in the *London Mercury*.

Fuss in the Strand

A RECENT project for removing the Early Epstein statues from the façade of the former British Medical Association building in the Strand did not seem to arouse as much protest as their unveiling a good many years ago, when indignant Puritans gathered eagerly in the Strand to be shocked by their coy nudities, just as they gathered, when the franc was good, to be shocked by the goings-on at the Folies-Bergère.

Actually, these statues aren't terribly nude, though they seemed so at the time. By the standards of Hokusai, or Clodion, or Rodin, not to speak of the Greeks, they 're hardly unclothed at all ; but we must remember that when they were put up, the human figure was a revelation to the British public, and that these statues, the fruits of Epstein's salad days, certainly bear a striking resemblance to the human figure. Hence the contemporary hullabaloo.

We forget how many of them there are, but they are very suited to the Medical Association building. At one time, a distinguished surgeon taught us all their names, of which we now remember only Dislocation, Aberration, Embrocation, and Constipation, this last a very surly, scowling figure on the Strand side. They never seemed to us as worthy of intensive contemplation as a notable statue we know, in Westminster somewhere, of a top-hatted citizen gripping a marble (or is it bronze ?) umbrella.

No Boloney Here

BEFORE broadcasting the nightingale this year, the B.B.C. has inserted a rather anxious little note in its official journal assuring the listener that they *will* be nightingales, " and not a gramophone record." Remembering that notable rural broadcast last Christmas, which turned out to be from the Squire's drawing-room and not from Ye Olde Village Tithe-Barn, as advertised, with a hey, nonny, nonny, we welcome this assurance.

Some people get annoyed over this sort of thing. We 've met people who go quite livid because somebody 's told them that the big singer they heard was just another gramophone record. Ourselves, we simply whistle and cock our hat. We 've lived in Cloud Cuckoo Land so long that practically nothing amazes us, and if we were a monopoly like the B. B. C., there 's nothing we wouldn't do to fool the inhabitants of these islands. We 'd have lots of fun, to begin with, with the news-bulletins. We 'd invent incredible happenings and have them announced by a grave, sonorous, beautiful baritone announcer, and we 'd have Greta Garbo (alleged) singing ribald songs, and we 'd have the Prime Minister (alleged) pausing halfway in an important political message to yell " Fish ! " ; and we 'd have a couple of dons shot before the microphone half-way through some pompous glub-glub about Evolution or

" But, Miss Kirkwood, it can't be a Siamese — where 's the other half ? "

" The Great Bordini, huh ? "

Progress or what not. Three-quarters of it (unless we 're woundily mistaken, pets) you 'd swallow without question, because you already believe (for example) Wells and Shaw to be great thinkers, and if you believe that you 'll believe anything.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 31.—J. B. Priestley

IN Mr. Priestley you will find
A writer who is not inclined
To sloppy sentiment,
For in a thousand different ways
He proves himself, in books and plays,
A true Tyke, cent. per cent.,
Who owns he can but folly see
In lacking business policy.

The folk he puts in plays are not
A highbrow or a precious lot,
But ordinary blokes,
Like those whom every day we meet
In office, bus, in train and street ;
Yet each new play invokes
Fresh laurels for the Duchess team
Who hold the scribe in much esteem.

All trivialities he cuts
To get to the " essential guts "
Of what he writes about ,
And being full of energy—
Like all true sons of Yorkshire—he
Works hard, there is no doubt—
That 's why Dame Fortune sent a prize
To crown his skill and enterprise !

B. W.

More Than Coronets

A FRIEND newly returned from Paris tells us that the taximen are growing mellower and more indulgent of human folly ; more like the taximen of London. So things alter ; for it was not long since the taximen of Paris were very bitter and hated the human race extremely, and would gladly have had it under their front wheels, screaming for mercy.

The most matey taximen we have ever met are those of New York. Running conversation through the window dividing driver from fare is made easy because the Commissioner of Police makes them stick their name and photograph, with other personal details serving as an introduction, inside the cab. Thus you can at once reply to Mr. Izzy Schreiber, or Mr. Fritz Gunglwasser, or Mr. Joe What-not by name when he opens the conversation with a breezy shout of comradeship or advice. Once, going to a show on Broadway, we were earnestly advised by our taximan not to. He 'd seen it. " Captain," he shouted, " that show 's lousy." We said we 'd been told it was a pretty good show. " Nerts ! " shouted our taximan. " It 's bum ! " The traffic-lights being against us, he swivelled round a moment and gave us a brief, confidential résumé of the play's weak points. He agreed neither with Mr. Benchley, Mr. Woollcott, Mr. Hammond, nor any leading dramatic critic. The whole goddam thing gave him a pain in the neck. Since we didn't then tell him at once to drive somewhere else, he relapsed into moody silence. We explained, as we paid him, that we *had* to be there, being with friends. " Okay," he said, nodding ; " I was only giving ya the lowdown, see ? " We thanked him for his kindness. " Okay," he said, nodding ; " If ya want it bum, that 's okay with me."

We 've never had critical advice from a London taxi-driver. As for the average Paris taxi-driver, he 'd have derived extreme sadistic pleasure, at one time, from driving any sale bourgeois to a show of agonising boredom. If he 's really getting mellow, we shall have to revise our special vocabulary of knobby, useful little words next time we meet him.

Plus Ça Change

THIS reminds us of a *Ladies' Companion and Diary* for 1733 we picked up in the country last week-end. There was a section about Thames watermen and hackney coachmen in the London area. You reported any trouble with a tyrannical waterman to Watermen's Hall, by the Old Swan. If a hackney coachman hated and wronged you, you reported him to the Licensing Office in the Strand. In both cases the procedure was to give him a little over the legal fare, and, if he

" I'd hate to tell you how much I paid for it "

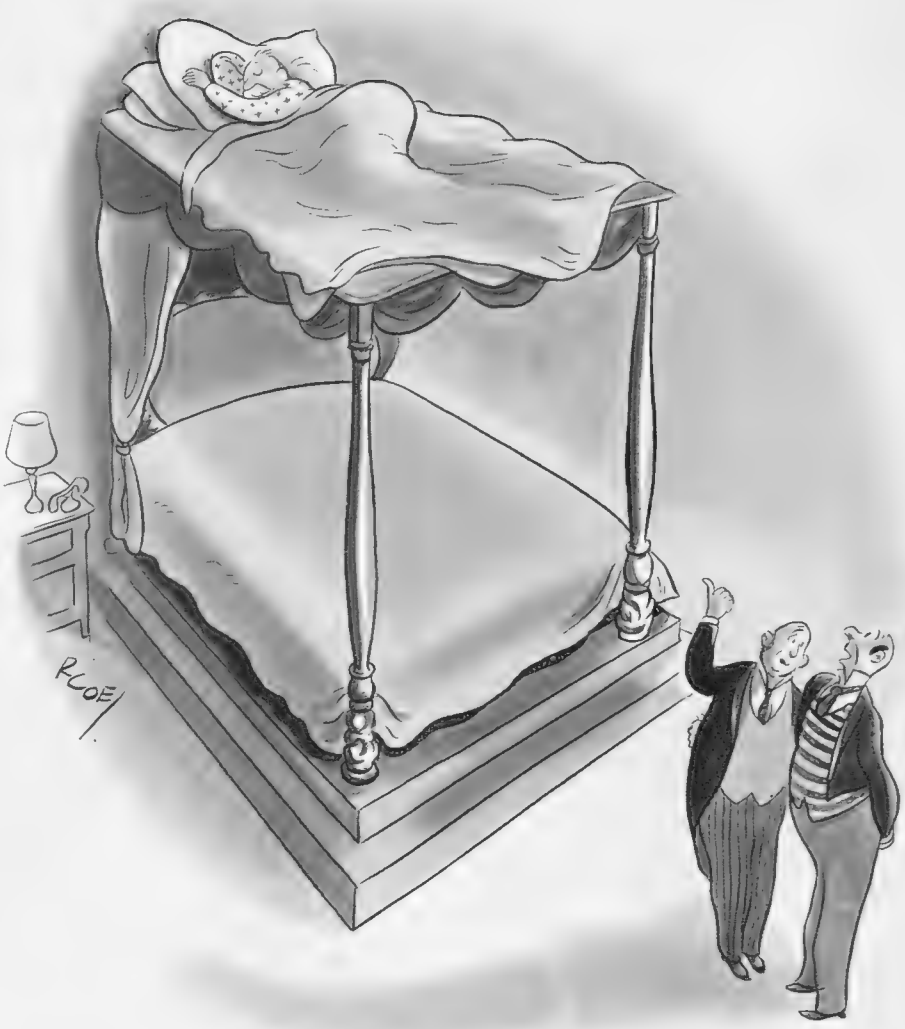
didn't return your change, to take his number. One rarely thinks of the patched and panniered beauties and the periwigged beaux of George II.'s reign having little drab troubles of this kind, but they apparently did. One reason, perhaps, was that they don't seem to have gone in for tipping.

Another curiously modern thing about this *Ladies' Diary*, incidentally, was the importance of the astrological section, which was as vague, as sweeping, and as pontifical as anything of the sort in the popular Press to-day. The chief difference was that the astrologer, a Mr. Gadbury, was inclined to blame most of Saturn's maleficent behaviour on the Jesuits. (Like the estimable Ludendorff, who still blames the Jesuits and the Jews for the late war.) So things remain the same—or, in the picturesque phrase of an American thinker, boloney is boloney, wherever you slice it.

School of Turner

EASILY the biggest landscape in this year's Academy, take it or leave it, is the Sickert portrait of Lord Castlerosse, in all its wealth of tint and contour and that noble white waistcoat, bursting with tricksy thought. It ought to be bought by the nation and hung side by side with that great Sargent portrait of Lord Ribblesdale, popularly called "The Ancestor." Thus might Posterity perceive how the new peerage differs from the old; the one tall, spare, austere, decorative, instinct with aloofness and patrician morgue, the other florid, opulent, merry, the easy familiar of London's leading head-waiters, the confidant of Fleet Street moguls so powerful that, at their least frown, a hundred office-boys quake; the ambassador and legate of the little Emperor of Shoe Lane; the smiling mentor of the playful rich.

As to that vast white waistcoat, we are told it is symbolic, like the white nightie worn by Truth on the cover of the popular weekly bearing her name. It also has magic properties, too numerous to set down here. Perhaps the most interesting is that when dragged round the fields at midnight, with the proper incantations, it ensures fruitfulness to the crops.



"He's afraid of mice"

"Yeah, I'm Auntie Betty"

Man Gone Desperate

A RECENT remark by Lord Hambleden at a Newsagents' dinner, to the effect that but for the trade's services the British public would suffer from "news-hunger," reminded us that we once knew a poor devil who died of it.

In the depths of the country, forbidden by his doctor to touch dope of any kind, printed or otherwise, he starved and pined, feverishly aware that all the time he was laid there helpless by the heels little actresses were being swiftly engaged and married and divorced, hens were laying triangular or striped eggs, lawn tennis stars were going professional, the Prime Minister was rapidly emitting speech after speech about the wur-r-r-ruld, bishops were opening bazaars and denying their God, financiers were being fêted or jugged, mothers of eight were swimming the Channel, society harridans were wearing the most clever and amusing little new hats, centenarians were giving away their secrets, and every other kind of exciting, vital world-news was being printed (and/or suppressed) without his knowing a thing. His doctor tried to mitigate his agony by inducing him to read children's big, coloured annuals, simple nursery rhymes, and books about brave, tender little doggies by Auntie James Douglas. It was of no avail. He craved all the more madly for his morning narcotic, thick and slab, and at length died of pure news-starvation, calling with his last weak breath for a spoonful of "Exclusive."

It 's a terrible thing, is news-hunger. The actual facts are always a pretty poor substitute for news, too.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Left: Matheson Lang as Drake, Jane Baxter, and Athene Seyler as Queen Elizabeth in the B.I.P. film, "Drake of England," which is now running at the Regal. The proceeds of the gala world première last Thursday went to the King's Jubilee Trust

Below: Lionel Atwill as one of Marlene Dietrich's adorers, and Marlene herself in one of the many lovely dresses she wears, in her new film, which is at the Plaza

"Drake of England"

"The Devil is a Woman"

• FILMS of the DAY

Artistes Manqués

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

ONCE upon a time, there were two artists in one film. The Hollywood spies (or recruiting agents) and the European film public were agreed, and so the two artists and their sponsors went to America. Marks became dollars, and remarks became wisecracks. For the two artists were German. The film, *The Blue Angel*.

At present the actor, Emil Jannings, and the actress, Marlene Dietrich, are to be seen in different pictures on the screen in London. A great deal has happened in the meantime.

When *The Blue Angel* revealed the talents of these two Germans to British audiences, Jannings was already a famous actor in his own country. Dietrich had only her beauty, her charm, and a certain reputation in vaudeville to her credit. It is interesting to see where that Transatlantic journey has ended.

Jannings did not find himself in America. It was said that he did not easily accustom himself to the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and he returned to Germany. Marlene Dietrich, under the tutorship of Von Sternberg, became the second most famous and adulated film-star in the world (Greta Garbo still holds the first place). She is the most beautiful woman on the screen. With the simple expedient of wearing trousers, she challenged Garbo's elusiveness. Their publicists have admirably exploited their natural predilections.

"THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN" is, we are informed, the last film in which Von Sternberg will direct Marlene Dietrich. In future, we shall see what she can do for herself—with the assistance of some other director.

It has been apparent for some time that Von Sternberg has been reducing Dietrich to a beauteous formula, instead of developing her as an actress. In *The Devil is a Woman* she plays the part of a heartless siren: a lovely mercenary. This was her rôle in *The Blue Angel*. But in that picture she was damnably convincing, so that the degradation and final tragedy of her elderly lover gained in intensity. In this film she is so trivial, so obviously picturesque, that the situation loses all interest.

There has never been a film in which photography so overlaid and obliterated the dramatic and psychological content.

Carnival time in Venice obviously gives the pictorial artist marvellous opportunities, but so many masks, so many streamers, so much scenery merely obscure the artists, the story, and the interest. Dietrich looks more lovely than ever; her costumes are fantastically delightful; but her impersonation of fascination is ludicrous in its artificiality. Her birdlike movements, the constant switch of eyes and torso from side to side, are so automatic, that one is never for one moment allowed to forget that this is a *picture*.

The final impression is that the men who succumbed to such patent wiles were worse than fools, so sympathy is eliminated. Lionel Atwill, who is a good actor, and Cesare Romero, who is the natural successor to the romantic Latin lovers of the screen, do their best with the rôles of rival infatuates; even Everett Horton is eclipsed by the scenery.

IN *The Old King and the Young King*, Emil Jannings has what would seem a marvellous opportunity as the bullying Prussian father of Frederick the Great. We are told that this film is Hitler propaganda, an epitome of dictatorship. If so, it is a badly chosen subject. The making of a king and a régime by means of bestial, almost imbecile, tyranny is not inspiring, and the moral to be drawn is obviously the reverse of its intention. Perhaps the presentation of this film in Jubilee Week in this country is ironic.

Jannings is heavy, and far from inspired in the part of the old King.

If only those behind the screen would keep propaganda and photography in their right places, as adjuncts and not dominating factors, and would give drama and its proper exponents, the actors and actresses, a chance to express themselves, we should have better and more successful films.

Dietrich "ungroomed," even a little tousled, and Jannings bellowing his tragedy in clown's disguise were infinitely more moving than the stereotype, carefully and expensively presented puppets they have become.

GUINNESS TIME

Have this one with me!

G.E.49

"Bystander" Beauties

No. 2. Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Mrs. Charles Sweeny has been chosen as the second of this new series of "beauties," specially photographed in full colour for the "Bystander" by John Everard. As Margaret Whigham, deb and ex-deb, and as a young-married since her wedding to American-golfer Charles Sweeny in February 1933, she has been consistently and truthfully written up as one of the loveliest people in London. She and her husband, who works in the City, have a house in Cadogan Place

The Old Ladies Show Their Mettle

Four Outstanding Performances in the West End Theatres

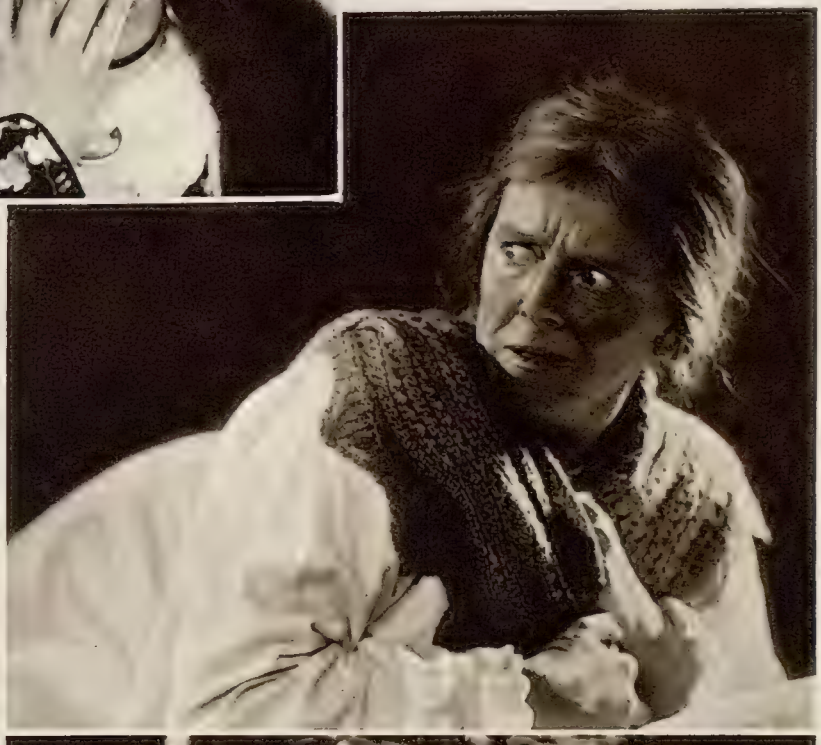
Photographs by Anthony and Yvonne Gregory

Mary Jerrold

Left: Mary Jerrold as Lucy Amorest in "The Old Ladies," at the New Theatre, the one placid woman out of three in the cast, but even she becomes startled before the end

Jean Cadell

Below: Jean Cadell as May Beringer, another of the Old Ladies, a nervous, desiccated spinster driven to death by fear of Agatha Payne



Henrietta Watson

One of the most interesting plays in London is "Frolic Wind," at the Royalty Theatre, where there are also old ladies, and here is one of them: Henrietta Watson as Lady Athalia Jeune, over seventy, a plain-spoken cynic with a lame leg and a twisted mind, who leaves the ancestral roof for a tower in the grounds, the interior of which — but that can be discovered by seeing this play, in which the acting is memorable

Edith Evans

Agatha Payne, the third of the Old Ladies, played by Edith Evans, a raucous-voiced creature with gipsy blood, as dirty as she is cruel, who gloatingly plays upon the fears of May Beringer in this powerful drama at the New Theatre

Six Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Lady Ann Cole

The Earl of Enniskillen's eldest daughter is engaged to John Hastings James, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. F. James. She is twenty-five this year. Her mother, Irene, Lady Enniskillen, was Lord Enniskillen's first wife

Tunbridge

Miss Ursula Horlick

Ursula Horlick, the nineteen-year-old younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick, announced her engagement last week to Stafford Howard Stepney, the twenty-year-old son of the late Sir Howard Stepney, and Lady Howard Stepney

Bassano

Miss Susan Bligh

Another of last week's announcements was that Susan Bligh is to marry Maurice Tonge, son of Mrs. G. A. Tonge, of Branches Park, Newmarket. She is the younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh, and a niece of Lord Darnley

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

MR. BUCHAN was obviously a prophet not without honour in his own country. For a fortnight, everybody has been shivering in a north-east wind, with the assertion, which must only be of comfort to the shade of Buchan, who died over a hundred years ago, that "Three cold spells were predicted in May." As it did not interfere with the Jubilee, we have little really to grumble about, for it was moderately fine at Easter, and Whitsun is going to be a rare scorcher.

THE really disgruntled ones are the cricketers and fishermen: the former have all been getting out l.b.w. (n.), and shivering in the cold, while the sturdy South Africans pile up the runs against them; and the latter have been waiting for the arrival of that peculiar fly, the mayfly — peculiar because it always appears in England in June.

HOWEVER, guests of Lord Portal, at Laverstoke, on his lovely fishing on the Test, have not been idle: it will be interesting to hear the result of Mr. Tom Purdey's visit to Ogden Smith's in search of the Bread-Fly. The Stockbridge Club have not yet adopted it instead of "Tup's Indispensable," although it probably is more successful with those big fish which lie under the bridges. Lord Mount Temple is a great expert with the dry-fly, as is Lady Mount Temple with the salmon-rod. The Broadlands giants of each breed always fall annually to their lures.

"ORDERS are orders" is the order of the day at the Royal Tournament. One feels one is back again on the barrack-square, if at Olympia one finds that there is any mistake about one's seat. But it is a great show, and worthy of all the traditions of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, not to forget the Duke of York's School, of which the band plays with immense éclat under the direction of a very junior Sir Thomas Beecham.

LET us once again praise Sir Thomas (coupled with the name of Mr. Geoffrey Toye) for the excellence of the performances at Covent Garden, which has proved itself the greatest opera house in the world. Those of you who have been to the Metropolitan in New York, will agree that, except on the most excellent of gala nights, there is no audience to compare with the ordinary one which appears for Covent Garden. Conchita Supervia has deserved even more

Below: Captain Francis Neville Mitchell, 15th-19th Hussars, eldest son of Admiral and Mrs. F. H. Mitchell, and Ann Livingstone-Learmonth, daughter of Mrs. Nigel Livingstone-Learmonth, of North Cheriton Manor, Templecombe, were married at Sherborne Abbey

Capt. Francis Neville Mitchell and Miss Ann Livingstone-Learmonth

Mr. Lucien Falkiner

Lucien Falkiner, of the 43rd Falkiner, and Kathleen, Lady daughter, the Hon. Lucy their country wedding at

Yevonde

Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper

The second of the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury's three daughters is engaged to Captain Anthony Head, Life Guards, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Head's only son. Her elder sister is Lady Alington; she was married in 1928

Bassano

Lady Rosemary Hay

Yet another engagement in last week's batch is between Lady Rosemary Hay, the Earl of Erroll's sister, and James Gresham, Welsh Guards, the elder son of the late Frank Gresham, and Mrs. Gresham, of Criccieth, North Wales

Anthony

Miss Margaret Chandos-Pole

Margaret Ismay Chandos-Pole, daughter of the late Brig.-General Chandos-Pole, and Mrs. Chandos-Pole, and Gerald Walker, 14th-20th Hussars, only son of Major and Mrs. J. B. Walker, of Eastmore, Yarmouth, I.O.W., announced their engagement last month and are being married in July

orchids than Mr. Ben Rubenstein can grow for his brilliant wife; Melchior is as good as ever—but surely the day is coming when somebody will take notice of the remark of Count Leo Tolstoi in *What is Art?* His commentary upon the first two acts of Siegfried is as good as the combined efforts of "Beachcomber" and Wyndham Lewis. In other words, *The Ring* is too long. The younger musical set are anxiously waiting a statement from Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore upon this subject: the older ones will abide by the musical critics and their own judgment.

We are all pleased to hear that "Barbara Hutton has taken the Count": let us hope that it is for a longer one than the Prince, who was seen last in Rome, looking rather lonely. Mrs. Morley Kennerly, the Countess's right-hand woman, refuses to issue a statement. On the other hand, our other Barbara, Cartland, has written a philosophical treatise, and has broken right away from that passionately florid style with which we are so familiar. No longer does Hugh "tumble into Lady ——'s arms" at the First Court Ball. This book is a soul-reviver.

Everybody is hoping to see Mrs. Corrigan in London again for the latter part of the season. At present she is at the Ritz in Paris, after a triumphant season in New York; upon her departure from that city, she found sixty-three presents in her cabin. Also from New York, I hear from Sophie Tucker that an international club is being started for those who have reached the forties. At present there is a great shortage of women members: one of the qualifications is to have achieved some part of their heart's desire when they have reached forty. Most people have achieved it—and lost it.

Other overseas news reaches me from the Empress of Britain, and says that the voyagers, rather like the sailors, find the Bystander in every port. Sir Julien and Lady Cahn are avid consumers of all its topics. Sir Harold Bowden, boiling to get back to his bicycles, once again feels the lure of work instead of play.

One can always rely upon Mrs. Lewis (dear old Rosa!) to give a good party; whether it be at the Cavendish, in Jermyn Street, or at her sweet little house adjoining the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, she always gets a sprinkling of the distinguished ones, as was seen at her party given for Lord Revelstoke after he had won his case.

To revert to our opera season, may we be allowed to wonder why a certain famous publisher insists upon

and the Hon. Lucy Verney-Cave

Light Infantry, son of the late Sir Leslie Falkiner, and Lord and Lady Braye's only Verney-Cave, had a windy day for St Mary's, Husbands, Leicestershire

Mr. Douglas Pelly and Miss Monica Tate

Douglas Gurney Pelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian G. Pelly, of Park Place, North Weald, Essex, and Monica Tate, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Tate, of Lenwade House, Great Witchingham, Norfolk, chose St. George's, Hanover Square, for their wedding last week

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Poulett

Had followed the no-hat fashion at a recent lunch-party ; she was wearing a beige fox-cape

dispensing with the authorities' request, "Evening dress indispensable." Sitting in a prominent position in the stalls, his brown suit is most noticeable. One realises that he has to work very hard, also that his office is only a stone's throw from the Garden. But so are those of the musical critics, such as Francis Toye, Edwin Evans, James Forsyth, and Richard Capell ; and they will stand in the gallery rather than walk in without their wedding garment. Mr. Sidney Beer has been a regular attendant : he is shortly to leave for the U.S.A., where he expects to fulfil a number of engagements next season.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

EASILY the best of all the Jubilee pageants was the Court Ball at Buckingham Palace. Women, old and young, in all the jewels they could muster, looked lovely, although some of the young ones had not learnt the art of putting them on and had definitely overdone it. The men were magnificent and, in their brilliant uniforms, complete with gold lace, medals, etc., quite outshone most of the women. The Nepalese Minister was the most impressive, with his pearl cap and yards of paradise plumes held in place by colossal uncut emeralds. What we wouldn't do to own such jewels is nobody's business ! The Queen's diamonds and emeralds flashed and blazed as she entered the ball-room. Row upon row of diamonds hung round her neck, and her tiara was composed of both diamonds and emeralds. She looked magnificent. Of the younger generation, Mrs. Robert Laycock was the most attractive, wearing her wedding dress. Another bride was Lady Helen Jessel. Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, looking as handsome as ever, was in midnight blue with stars sprinkled all over it. Mrs. Ernest Simpson we saw. Lady Mount Temple wore her green. That sounds as if we knew the dress well, but what we really mean is, her favourite green. There was a certain amount of silver about it, too, and her ornaments were diamonds and jade. Young-marrieds with their husbands included Lady Jersey, whose choice was white satin ; Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who chose ditto ; and Lady Patricia Latham, white again, but hers was chiffon and tulle.

MISS MONICA TATE and Mr. Douglas Pelly defied superstition and were married in May. They only just missed the 13th. The bride had no attendants, which was a change from all the unruly children that it seems to be the fashion to have in the aisle these days. The best man was Mr. Oppenheim, who apparently introduced the couple, so he felt more than ever important. The bridegroom's parents were not at the wedding, but his grandfather was, and had given as a present a house in Essex, which seems a nice enough present to accept. Miss Tate gave her husband a marvellous pair of guns, which rows of young men at the reception were seen gloating over with envious eyes. He also had a fishing-rod, so we imagine he is keen on outdoor sports. Colonel Tate gave his daughter a blonde tortoiseshell dressing-table set, and there was plenty of jewellery about as well as all the usual useful things to fill the house. Miss Rosemary Dawson was among the bride's attractive young friends, and her great friend, Mrs. Kenneth Savile (Jacqueline Hughes up till a fortnight ago), had returned from her honeymoon in time for the wedding. Mrs. Vernon Tate was a striking figure in black and white and masses of lovely silver foxes, each one more silver and more lovely than the last.

Madame Heidary

Is an attractive visitor from abroad ; she is staying in England while her book is being produced. She is a former representative of the Persian Government in America

MISS PRISCILLA WEIGALL, in black and adorned with diamond bracelets, was out the other night with her fiancé, Lord Curzon, and his sister, Lady Georgina, and Mr. Hamar Bagnall to make the party square. Another couple we looked down on from above was Mr. Richard Calthorpe and Lady Joan Hope, with orchids dripping from her shoulder on her pale green frock. Miss Mary Collins, in bright purple, was being spun round the floor by Lord Reay, whom she has to look up to if she wishes to speak to him—which must be unusual for her. Miss Jean Combe was another we saw, and that attractive youngest Ramsden Jodrell girl, who has just returned from a trip to India, which she seems to have enjoyed no end.

VARIOUS people seem to have got engaged just lately, including Miss Ursula Horlick and Mr. Stephen Howard Stepney, in spite of the fact that he is still at Oxford and under age. She is Mrs. James Horlick's youngest and only unmarried daughter, and he is Lady Howard Stepney's son and a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk. Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper has also announced her engagement. She is going to marry Captain Antony Head of the Life Guards. She 's mad about racing, so let 's hope *he* is ; and he 's mad about hunting, so let 's hope *she* is.

WE seem to have neglected the streets lately, so haven't much to report about who 's been "afoot," but on the one day we did go out wearing down our shoe-leather, we saw Lady Elizabeth and Lady Diana Percy, neatly attired in black coats and skirts, obviously bent on shopping. Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, in top gear and going full speed ahead, came round the corner from Pall Mall into St. James's Street and nearly sent us for six (but it was only the walking speed limit he was overstepping).

MRS. PEEPS

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell

Was sketched at a cocktail-party at the Wildenstein Galleries, where the Paul Maze exhibition is being held

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A Correction.

We regret that in the photograph which appeared on page 267 in the issue of May 15, there was a mistake in titling The figure on the left of the top right-hand photograph, was that of Sir Stanley Jackson and not of Lord Brocket.

Astra

A Camera Study by John Everard

London

Close-Up

Three A

Alicia Browne is one
to the social round in
Lady Kilmaine's only
and is a granddaught
Marquess of Ailsa.
the Regency episode
tantes' Ball next monti
decoration of charity
since she spends a good

Below: the

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Lisa Maugham

Lisa Maugham is the only child of playwright-novelist William Somerset Maugham, and Mrs. Syrie Maugham, whose twin talents are house-decorating and entertaining. With these parents, it's no wonder she's as wide awake as popular. She has helped her mother with her parties since her sub-deb days, and has now an enormous number of friends of her own. She is just nineteen, and had a birthday celebration a week or so back at the Ritz

Decorations

Pictures of

ractive Girls

Ireland's best contributions England. She is Lord and daughter, was born in 1909, of the eighty-eight-year-old She is booked to appear in the pageant at the Debu- She is not a very frequent all tableaux and parades, deal of her time in the country

n. Alicia Browne

Lady Gloria Vaughan *Walter Bird*

Here is a new portrait of the Earl and Countess of Lisburne's eldest daughter, whose wedding to Nigel Fisher takes place on June 7. He is Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare's only son, and brother of Pamela Fisher, one of this year's debutantes. Lady Gloria Vaughan came out last year. Her father, who is Lord Lieut. of Cardiganshire, owns Crosswood, near Aberystwyth; her mother was Regina Bittencourt, daughter of the former Chilean Attaché

Frightened Eyes . . .

. . . In Three Films That Have Only Their Fear Moments In Common

Left: Gwen Gill, has all the gamut of emotions to run in the Fox thriller, "White Lilac," as the innocent and frightened dupe of man-about-town Leslie Perrins. She's a Scottish girl (oddly like Joan Crawford) who arrived at her leading part in this Elstree film via Hollywood, where she went as one of Paramount's "Search for Beauty" finds

"White Lilac": Gwen Gill Plays the Frightened Girl to Leslie Perrins' Villain

"Let's Live To-Night": Lilian Harvey and Tullio Carminati Take Alarm

"Let's Live To-night" is another of these musical romances whose titles all sound alike. But it's got its strong moments for its stars, Lilian Harvey and Tullio Carminati, and here is one of them. It's Lilian Harvey's last Hollywood picture, and will be shown in London in a few weeks

Left:

"The Mark of the Vampire": Bela Lugosi Knows the Horror Theme Backwards

The name of the film and the fact that Bela Lugosi is in it tells all the story of "The Mark of the Vampire." Carol Borland is the girl who unwillingly partners Lugosi in his nefarious doings. Lionel Barrymore is in the film, and so are Lionel Atwill, Elizabeth Allan, and Henry Wadsworth. And it's running at the Empire this week

A Racing Reverie

May Snow at Newmarket

By "Regular"

Left: two "Irishers" at Kempton for the Jubilee Handicap were Lady Lambart and Lord Rossmore; the latter lives at Windsor when he is not in Ireland

Right: Lord Lovat, who is in the Scots Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy walking round together at Kempton

"NOTHING will trouble Mr. Benson's crack," wrote a racing journalist in summing up the race for the Burwell Stakes, and he was right. We are not always so correct in our assumptions, however, and I seem to remember someone making the identical remark with regard to the Grand National favourite.

I WAS reminded of the National when I looked over Windsor Lad, as one's first impression is what a grand jumper he would make. Lord Lonsdale described his quarters as those of a National horse; but Windsor Lad will, I take it, be otherwise engaged.

LAST year's Derby and Leger winner has grown into a truly magnificent horse; in fact, I cannot remember having seen one which gave me the impression of possessing greater power. I could not help comparing last week's winner with the Windsor Lad that won the Newmarket Stakes exactly a year ago. At that time he was a very angular individual, and a mere frame of a horse. Now the frame has been filled, and the picture is a very lovely one; it only remains for us to congratulate the artist, Marcus Marsh.

MY only regret is that Fred Darling did not run Tai Yang, but he obviously considered that discretion was the better part of valour. If Tai Yang had run we should have been able to lay 2-1 on Windsor Lad; as it was, we had to lay 10-1 on, though Mrs. Vernet felt so sorry for me standing there waiting in the snow, that she let me lay a little at "eights."

THE world is rich in great horses at the moment, and though Windsor Lad did not have to be a great horse to beat Bright Bird and Bagman, I have no doubt that he is a great horse all the same. It is a real joy to see him in action, and when Charlie Smirke shook the reins at him he lengthened his stride and left his two opponents standing.

AT the last Newmarket meeting we saw Windsor Lad's rival, Easton, in action, and it would be difficult to imagine two horses more dissimilar in temperament. While Easton is a very hard puller, and it takes Gordon Richards all his time to restrain him, Windsor Lad is bone idle, and Charlie Smirke would have to kick him in the ribs to make him beat a donkey.

THE clashing of these two great horses in the Coronation Cup at Epsom should provide one of the greatest races of all time, and promises to be a much more interesting race than the Derby. My own opinion is that if the race is run at a cracking pace, Windsor Lad will win; if they don't go much of a gallop, Easton will beat him for speed.

RACING five or six days a week one ceases to be surprised at anything; but I'm hanged if in the middle of May I expect to have to feel my way to the rails through blinding snow, and when I get there, find Tommy Lane looking so much like Father Christmas there was simply no difference at all.

PRIOR to Newmarket most people flew to Paris to see Brantôme, another very great horse—very possibly the greatest of them all—win the Prix du Cadran by fifteen lengths. Unlike Easton and Windsor Lad, Brantôme doesn't look the part at all, being a mean little horse and as narrow as a board; but his action is perfect, and that's all that really matters.

If Baron de Rothschild's horse travels well, and Bouillon rides any sort of race on him, some more gold, in the shape of a cup, will leave these shores for France.

WE continue to be introduced to very smart two-year-olds, and in Black Speck, an own brother to the gallant little Mark Time, Mr. Jimmy Rank owns a real good colt. Let me here take the opportunity of saying how much we have missed Mrs. Rank during her illness, and we are delighted to welcome her back fully restored to health.

SECOND to Black Speck was another very promising colt called Wheat King, who is bound to win races for Mr. "Trigo" Barnett. Wheat King was drawn on the far side and began slowly. Under the circumstances, it was a great performance to finish as near the winner as he did and well in advance of recent winners in Bold Maiden and New Radnor.

BOBSLEIGH'S display in winning the Newmarket Stakes was entirely satisfactory. There was nothing flash or spectacular about his win; it was just a good, workmanlike effort. Dick Perryman tucked him in behind till they were half-way down the hill, but when he showed him daylight, he tackled Hairan and went up the hill like a lion.

The first two finished no fewer than eight lengths in front of the rest of the field, proof that there was nothing wrong with the form.

I STILL think that Bahram will win the Derby, but he is going to have no easy task. Bobsleigh improved at least 10 lb. between the Guineas and the Newmarket Stakes, while the latter race should have improved him a further 10 lb. Hairan was at a disadvantage in not having had a previous race, and, moreover, the going was harder than he really cares about. However, I shall always expect Bahram and Bobsleigh to beat him.

THE Spring T.Y.O. Stakes was a combination of a farce and a tragedy. Sir Alfred Butt and the fortunate backers of Windsail roared over the farce; Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen and the backers of Lady Abbess filly wept over the tragedy. In the false start all bar Windsail, who is shockingly bad at the gate, and two others completed the course, Lady Abbess filly winning decisively. When the race was re-run, Windsail was only opposed to three unfancied animals, one of whom had already completed the course.

Even then it required the combination of Perryman and the three other jockeys, Captain Allison, his assistant, and two spectators to induce her to leave the gate. Eventually she faced the right way, and she strolled home an easy winner. Lucky Sir Alfred!

Lord Kimberley

Watching the first Whitney Cup tie between Camford and the 7th Hussars at Hurlingham. Lord Kimberley is on the Hurlingham Committee and is a very well-known ex-International player

S. E. K. Richardson

Col. and Mrs. H. L. Ismay

Were at Ranelagh for the first tie of the Colts' Cup between Camford and the Ragtails. Colonel Ismay played No. 3 for the latter, who were beaten by eleven goals to eight

"Laddie" Sanford

The American polo "crack," choosing a stick before his side, the Panthers, met and beat the Old Etonians in the Whitney Cup at Hurlingham

Winter's Polo

The Whitney Cup and Colts' Cup Ties Start — But How Cold It Was . . .

Swaebe

"Panthers" By Marriage

Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford (who was Mary Duncan, the American actress) and Mrs. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin watching their Panther husbands winning their first round in the Whitney Cup

Below: Mrs. R. B. Sheppard, whose husband was playing for the 7th Hussars against Camford, watched the match with Mrs. Charlie Miller; the latter went off later to watch a Roehampton team play the Pumas

Is It Pleasure?

Mrs. Maurice Kingscote and Mrs. Portman, well rugged and fur-coated, decorated the Hurlingham stand when the Old Etonians, for whom Captain Maurice Kingscote was playing, met the Panthers

Good Executives

Pictures by Prince Nicholas

Prince Nicholas of Greece, the Duchess of Kent's father, looking round Agnew's Galleries in Bond Street just before his exhibition of pictures opened there last week

A Covent Garden Committee

Above: Dr. Otto Erhardt, the producer, Herr Lauritz Melchior, Sir Thomas Beecham, and Mme. Freida Leider holding an informal sort of committee meeting on the stage at Covent Garden before rehearsal started

Yvonne Arnaud Keeps an Old French Custom

Right: Yvonne Arnaud pinning sprays of lilies-of-the-valley on the white coats of Coty's staff: it's for luck, according to a French superstition about wearing the flower of the month. The modern version is to wear the flower scent instead. M. Valli, a director of Coty's, is on the left

Below: Vivien Leigh and Her Small Daughter

Left: Vivien Leigh, the attractive young actress in Ashley Duke's play, "The Mask of Virtue," taking her one-year-old daughter out for a walk. She is making her London début at the Ambassadors, and a very successful one. Off the stage, she's Mrs. Leigh Holman

Below: Organising the Russian Art Exhibition

Lord Herbert, the chairman, and Lady Zia Wernher, the vice-chairman of the Russian Exhibition which the Duchess of Kent opens on June 4 at 1, Belgrave Square, cataloguing some of the beautiful work of Faberge, the Russian Court jeweller, lent by Lady Juliet Duff

Above: Colonel Frank Romer, consulting surgeon to the Jockey Club, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Nettlefold

Above: the Earl of Breadalbane and Viscount Younger

Left: Captain and Mrs. J. Campbell, who, before her marriage, was Princess Galitzine

Right: the Hon. Drogo and Mrs. Montagu

The Lure of the Links

A Golfing Week-End at the Gleneagles Hotel

Photographs by Arthur Owen

The Hon. Max Aitken and Mr. R. E. Wagg

Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvie and Mrs. Ogilvie

The Hon. C. Baillie-Hamilton and Mr. Ian Fleming

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The Air View After Dark

By Charles Ward

Left: Dragon with lambs. Air lines are offered strange cargo—here are lambs going aboard the Western Airways' ferry at Bristol Airport for delivery a few minutes later in Cardiff

Below: head in the bag above the clouds at Newcastle. A pilot is practising "blind flying" in bright sunshine. E.B.Y.V. has been approved by the Air Ministry for such training, and belongs to the Newcastle Aero Club

Night Flying Over London

THE JUBILEE celebrations caused an unexpected boom in night flying, for the grandest view of the illuminations was to be obtained from the air. All the taxi companies did good business, and Imperial Airways were kept hard at it with parties of thirty at a time for their Continental liners, all booked by the Ridgway Courcy Travel Service. With four engines, it was safe to come down quite low over central London, and passengers familiar with the streets had no difficulty in following the line of flight from beginning to end. On one night there were six different aircraft over the West End at one time, each followed by a searchlight beam. Advertising signs have made their appearance in the night sky, but, flown at the regulation height, they are not legible to many people. On Wednesday next, there is to be a private night-flying party at Heston, given by the Household Brigade Flying Club. Captain R. L. Preston, Coldstreams, is the organiser, being the secretary of the club.

A Joy-Riding Occasion

NOT since pre-war days at Hendon has there been a first-class night-flying display near London. Croydon is given over to commerce entirely, and is a Government aerodrome as well, so that Heston is the only place around London where such a show can be staged. Its equipment includes three floodlights, each of more than one million candle-power, and the neatest arrangement in boundary lights to be seen anywhere. They are in the form of illuminated candles, the "flame" being the usual orange globe. Searchlights for the Household Brigade show are being provided through the co-operation of Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Mather, O.B.E., of the 28th Anti-Aircraft Battalion. 'Planes for joy-riding include a Dragon kindly loaned by Mr. W. Lindsay-Everard, M.P., late of the Life Guards, two Monospars from General Aircraft, and a Short "Scion" from Birkett Air Services. The three first-named will be available for members and their guests, whilst the "Scion" can be booked by anyone at the price of £1 per seat. Wing-Commander "Reggie" Small, control officer at Heston, will be in charge of flying, assisted by "Jimmy" Jeffs from Croydon.

At the Clubs and Schools

THE lists close on June 1st for the Bristol and Wessex Club flying scholarships. One is open to ordinary members of the club, and not less than two to residents within a radius of thirty miles of Bristol Airport. Applicants, who must be over eighteen years of age, should apply to the manager of the club and be prepared to undergo an air test, for which they will be charged a nominal sum. The successful candidates will have to pass the Air Ministry's medical test, which is not severe for "A" pilots, and, after training, to join the club. Lord Jersey, whose property includes Osterley Park, near Heston, has succumbed to the lure of the aeroplanes which fly constantly over his head, and is learning to fly at the Airwork School. An interested visitor to the school during Jubilee Week was the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir. He used Heston on two occasions as a taxi-rank, taking first a Dragon "Rapide" and later an Airspeed "Envoy" for journeys to Leighterton to play polo. Airwork has taken over management of the workshops at Hanworth, which should be of considerable benefit to owner-pilots using the London Air Park. There is plenty of activity at Hanworth once more, and in a few weeks the enlarged club-house will take its place as one of the attractions for the flying community around town. Have you played squash at Heston yet? The new courts provided by Mr. J. R. Bryans, are open, and a professional is in attendance; balls and rackets can be bought or hired.

Hamble, Brooklands, and Lympne

AIR SERVICE TRAINING had 101 students taking different courses at the end of last month, and has had to add yet another Avro "Cadet" to its fleet, bringing the total for this type up to fifteen. That the best possible training is to be had at Hamble is illustrated by names of a few of the pupils under instruction. Mr. A. C. Campbell-Orde, chief test pilot for Armstrong-Whitworth, is taking a blind flying course; Mr. W. H. Sutcliffe, chief instructor at Castle Bromwich, is taking a similar course, but more comprehensive, in order to teach blind flying. Mr. M. G. W. Burton is training on multi-engined aircraft, and Captain R. D. Hog is taking advanced instruction on all types and a course for second-class navigator. Flying hours at Brooklands have been exceeding 100 a week, which is usual in the early spring. Dawn patrols are again a popular Sunday excursion, the last raid on Reading, carried out with ten machines, being most successful. The first of the Tiger Moths to be used at the Northants Reserve School has been delivered, and looks very smart in the club colours. At Lympne, which is one of the Brooklands group, 350 hours were flown during the first quarter of this year. A number of officers from the Small Arms School at Hythe have joined the Cinque Ports Club to take "A" licences, including Lord Kildare and the Hon. P. J. M. Rous. Building operations for the club's new American bar, verandah and lounge are well in hand, and an opening party is to be expected early in June. The Royal Aeronautical Society is holding its annual Conversazione at the Science Museum, South Kensington, as usual, the date being Thursday, May 30th. Mr. D. W. Douglas will give the Wilbur Wright Memorial Lecture, dealing with "Developments of the Modern Air Liner."

Clubs Without Quarters

No. 3. The Crimes Club

By Charles Graves

Caricatures by H. H. Harris

Reading downwards:
Sir Bernard Spilsbury
The late George R. Sims
Ingleby Oddie
Rafael Sabatini

IT was during a casual conversation between Mr. Ingleby Oddie, then a young barrister, and Mr. Arthur Lambton in Naples at the beginning of the century that the idea of the Crimes Club originated. The first meeting took place in December 1903, with H. B. Irving, Professor Churton Collins, Mr. J. B. Atlee, Mr. Ingleby Oddie, Mr. Cross, and Mr. Arthur Lambton as the original members. To-day there are sixty members, and fourteen honorary members. They meet three times a year, in February, May, and November, at the Café Royal. The subscription is five shillings, and it has been suggested that in future there will be an entrance fee of one guinea.

At the present minute there is a long waiting-list, and no wonder. The Crimes Club claims that its members hear better speeches than any other dining club in the country, including the Omar Khayyam, which is saying a great deal.

THE original founder of the Club is Arthur Lambton, a cousin of the late Lord Durham, and himself a keen criminologist and an official of the Inland Revenue, whose parents' house was burgled by the notorious Charlie Peace himself—an event which naturally fostered an interest in his absorbing hobby. Let it be said at once that the idea of the Crimes Club was not to indulge in a morbid sympathy with criminals, but to regard the psychology of crime and study certain cases on their merits. Though, however, the Club was not formed for charitable purposes, being a private dining club (which, as a rule, does neither harm nor good), yet two of the members were instrumental in obtaining the freedom of innocent men. It was the late George R. Sims who managed to get the unfortunate Adolphe Beck released, and the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle whom Edalji had to thank for his freedom.

AT each of the dinners given, some celebrity delivers a paper. Thus Lord Rosebery read a brilliant treatise on Turf Chicanery not so long ago; and I am told it was worth a hundred pounds to listen to Sir Charles Russell's speech on Oscar Wilde. When he became Coroner, Mr. Ingleby Oddie ceased to be a member, and so did Sir Ernest Wilde when he got promotion. But there are many distinguished members, like Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the best-looking pathologist in the history of crime, and Harold Dearden, whose medical knowledge of crime is almost equally well known. Dr. Dearden, with his huge ties, looks just like Disraeli as a young man. You expect Lady Blessington to enter any minute.

THE Duke of Kent is a keen member of the Club, and attends as frequently as he can. The present Lord Durham visited the Club very regularly until his marriage. The late Lord Hylton, that florid old gentleman with large, white whiskers, was a regular. Lord Feversham, another Lord-in-Waiting, still is. Lord Lurgan, with his white hair and school-girl complexion, never misses a dinner. Then there is Fred Memory, the vast crime reporter of the *Daily Mail*, as well as F. D. Grierson, the writer of thrillers, who is a sub-editor on the same paper. P. G. Wodehouse has not opened his mouth since he joined the Club; Rafael Sabatini is a new member. Sir Willoughby Maycock, one of the oldest members, will be remembered by posterity

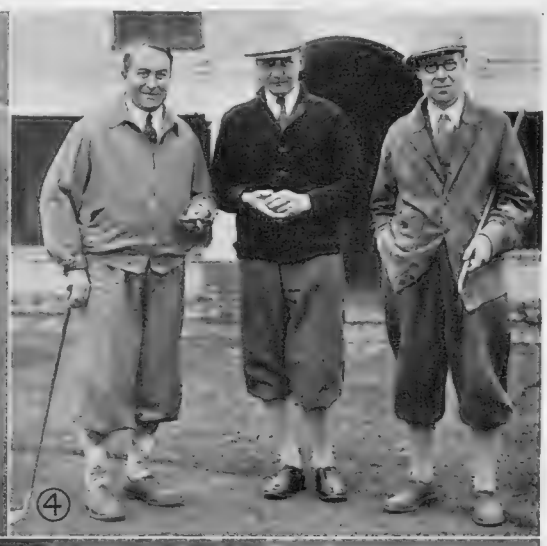
(*Continued on page* ii)

Reading downwards:
Ian Hay
P. G. H. Fender
Sir Ernest Wilde
Lord Portarlington

A View of the Club-House

Golf Clubs at Home

Croham Hurst, Croydon



(1) C. C. Gallagher (captain), Lieut.-Com. F. B. Proudfoot (secretary). (2) R. Wilson (professional), T. W. Wood Roberts, J.P. (chairman of the board of directors). (3) R. Mill and D. O. Taylor. (4) H. Peters, C. R. Baddeley, and J. L. Farmer. (5) R. A. Christopher, L. Poynder, T. M. Hughman, and E. J. Rapson. (6) A. G. Wright, V. Tatlock, J. T. H. Mason, and Carter Pegg. (7) Members of the committee: J. K. Rowbotham, (ex-captain), C. E. Phenix (ex-captain), W. J. Garner, and A. Bryan

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Book Society's May Choice

By A. G. Macdonell

"THE ANGEL OF THE ASSASSINATION" (Heinemann; 9s.) is the melodramatic title of Mr. Joseph Shearing's study of the life of Charlotte de Corday. It is one of those books which sadden the reviewer's lot. So much hard work has gone to the making of it, so much conscientious research into small details, and such careful documentation, that the reviewer longs to praise it unstintingly. But it won't do. Alas, it won't do. The balance must be held between the author who devotes months and months to his work, the publishers who, as in this case, print and embellish and bind the book so beautifully, and the readers whose applause, and whose nine shillingses, are so earnestly sought. And in common fairness to the third of these three, I must record my honest opinion that Mr. Joseph Shearing's historical sense seems to be far below his literary skill. I realise very well that in saying this I am exposing myself to vehement attack from powerful quarters, for *The Angel* is the Choice of the Book Society for the month of May, and the selection committee of that Society is composed of ladies and gentlemen for whose learning and talents I have a profound respect. Individually and as a corporate body they carry heavy artillery; but even at the risk of annihilation I must bang off my popgun at them. In effect, I think that their May choice is not a very good one. Mr. Shearing opens with the supremest platitude I have ever read: "It is indeed impossible, if a true balance is to be preserved in the story of Mlle. de Corday, to ignore [either] Jean-Paul Marat [or Jean-Adam Lux]." Then, after an interesting description of the Corday house in Normandy, we come to history, and it is here that Mr. Shearing fails so sadly. His only idea of presenting the character of Marat is to string together adjectives, "foul, filthy, greasy, obscene," etc., and to repeat them over and over again. He makes no attempt to appraise Marat's fanatical enthusiasm for the creed of "Equality within the State and the government of the State by its general will," as Mr. Belloc has phrased it, nor his complete and utter sincerity. He glibly describes how Danton and Marat urged on the September massacres, although it has never been proved that Danton did any such thing. He speaks of 10,000 victims of the massacres, whereas the number was somewhere between 1100 and 1400, and the murderers were not "hired." Camille Desmoulins is seldom mentioned without the adjective "bilious," and no attempt is made to reconcile the horrible amount of filth with which Marat apparently was perpetually covered, with the fact, which Mr. Shearing himself admits, that he took incessant baths. Mr. Shearing makes no suggestion that Charlotte might have been as mad in her way as Marat was in his, nor does he discuss the theory of private revenge, nor the theory that Charlotte's first idea was to kill Robespierre. And the book has no index. A history without an index. It won't do. It really won't.

Gutmann

Michael Harrison

Author of "Weep for Lycidas," whose new book, "Spring in Tartarus," has been published by Arthur Barker and Co.

"LAND OF WOMEN" (Putnam's; 7s. 6d.) is an historical novel by Baroness Dombrowski on the subject of Dictator Lopez, of Paraguay, a hideous sadistic monster who plunged his unfortunate country into a lunatic war against Argentine, Brazil, and Uruguay, between 1865 and 1870. The sufferings of the country were so appalling that when the struggle came to an end at last with the utter destruction of Paraguay, there were a quarter of a million females left in the country and only 28,000 males of all ages. Lopez was a jolly character. He murdered his brothers, tortured his sisters to death, had his mother flogged by a common soldier, and finally murdered her, too. Soldiers who were taken prisoner by the enemy and heroically escaped to come back and fight for Paraguay were tortured to death as "deserters" and their families also executed.

This is the cheerful subject of Madame Dombrowski's long novel. Her descriptions of life in Paraguay are very well done, full of colour and details that could only have been acquired at first hand (the authoress spent several years in South America, studying native habits and characters), but the multiplicity of minor characters makes the story a little difficult to follow at times. The best of them is a Hungarian soldier of fortune who is capitally drawn. *Land of Women* will interest people whose interior economy will enable them to stand the gruesomeness of a lot of it.

MISS DOROTHY SAYERS, whose stern pouncings upon bad grammar are striking such consternation into the ranks of the slipshod boys and girls, has allotted the word Distinction to the detective novels of Mr. E. R. Punshon, and, as becomes a Pouncer, her word is entirely correct. *Death of a Beauty Queen* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) is a brilliantly "distinguished" book. If we try to analyse the quality in a detective novel, I think we come back in the end to the character-drawing. In Mr. Punshon's books there are no ghosts. We never have to stop and think "which is Harry and which is Bob?" We can tell with a single glance at their talk which is Harry and which is Bob. Each one is a separate and clear individuality. Mind you, I think that Sergeant Owen, our old friend, was a bit slow over the athletic cups which Mr. Maddox won in South America. I jumped to the nature of the competition as fast as Sherlock himself would have done. But read it for yourselves. It is a splendid detective-novel.

ANOTHER admirable example of the same kind is *The Doctors are Doubtful* (Barker; 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Anthony Weymouth. In fact, this is one of the best I have read for a long time. Mr. Weymouth has the knack of being technical and yet translucently clear to the layman, and he carries us through a medical novel with perfect dexterity. I think that if I had been in that nursing home and felt that someone was trying to poison me, I would have skipped out toot-sweet, and the tooter the sweeter, as we used to say in years gone by; but then I am not made in the heroic mould of Inspector Treadgold. Anyway, that is a small criticism, and I, for one, am delighted to see that another "Inspector Treadgold" mystery is in preparation. He is one of the Inspectors who certainly will have a card-index in my Inspectors' Gallery. By the way, why don't publishers give us a bogus frontispiece of their established detectives? How much did the Holmes Saga owe to the Paget illustrations?

Kay Vaughan

Pamela Hansford Johnson

Whose first novel, "This Bed Thy Centre," has created a good deal of attention

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The loveliest frocks imaginable may be seen in the salons of the Model Gown Department at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The model portrayed is expressed in white satin and would be ideal for the opera as well as balls and banquets. The tunic corsage is richly embroidered with diamanté and silver beads, which are sprayed here and there on the graceful skirt. This is moulded and ends in a short train. A white chiffon scarf trails from the right shoulder, and can be draped to suit the wearer

Shallow Crowns For Summer Days

Hats this year are kinder than usual, as they vary so much that every type of face can be suited. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are showing this charming model, which is noticeable for its unusual stitched taffeta brim, which, instead of being round, is cut into points. The crown is in stiffened tulle, encircled by a wreath of ruched taffeta

The Chinese water-carrier's hat has inspired many milliners to create hats with exceptionally shallow crowns, so that they have to be held in place with a band of elastic. In the model portrayed, the brim sweeps forward and is trimmed with a cluster of red and white poppies. It is carried out in baku, and also comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

A new variation on the ever-popular mushroom is shown on the right, and may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove. It is made in gold straw surmounted by black needle-run lace which forms an abbreviated eye-veil. Black ciré ribbon encircles the crown. Where veils are concerned, many of them are stiffened and cover the face as far as the chin

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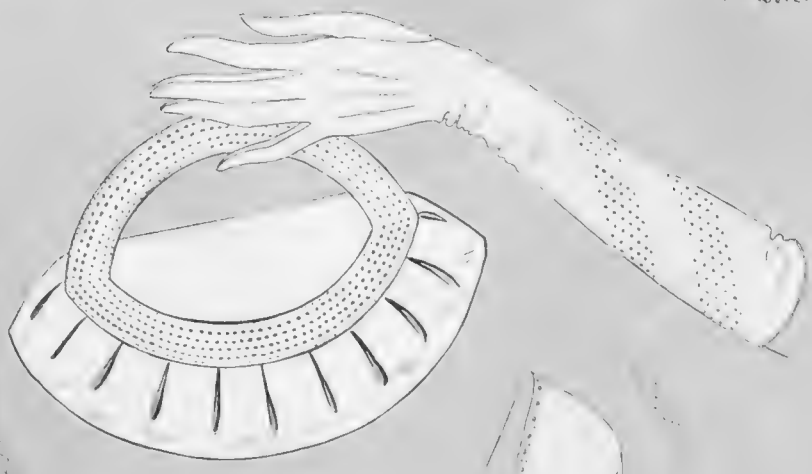
The Bystander,
May 22, 1935—360

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

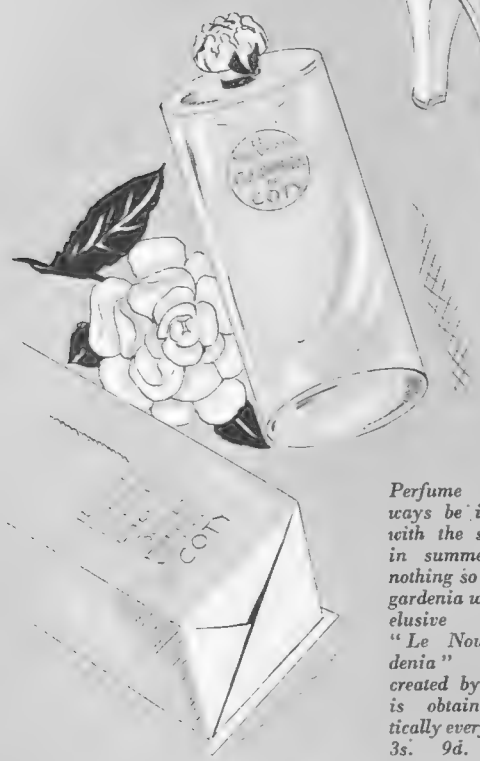
Discovered by Pete

Pictured by Pierre



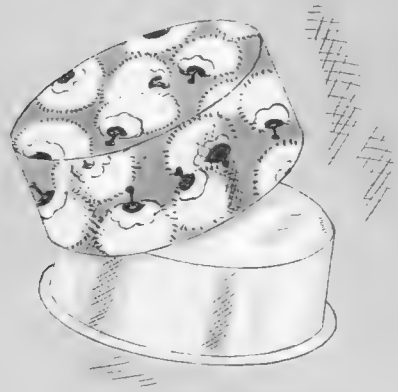
White doeskin and kid make these ultra-smart sandals from H. and M. Rayne, 58, New Bond Street. They are ideal for summer, as they are so cool and comfortable. There are long gloves to accompany them

Shoes, bags, and gloves are sold in sets by H. and M. Rayne. Those pictured are made of glacé kid. The shoes have a perforated vamp, an idea which is repeated on the bag and long gloves. The latter fasten with pearl buttons, and cost 25s.



Perfume should always be in harmony with the season, and in summer there is nothing so pleasing as gardenia with its light, elusive fragrance. "Le Nouveau Gardenia" has been created by Coty, and is obtainable practically everywhere from 3s. 9d. a bottle

An excellent way of enlivening a plain frock is to wear a metal halter collar from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The one on the left is gold and white, with black spots, and costs 22s. 9d.



The newest shade of face powder created by Coty has been named "Gitane," which means "gipsy." It imparts a warm, peach-like bloom to the complexion, and is available in twelve perfumes

Many of the new evening frocks in flowered silk are accompanied by short capes with gloves to match. These may be in organdie or stiffened chiffon, while marcella is used for the Peter Pan collar and gloves

The Spey and the Scottish Highlands

How excitingly beautiful are the Scottish Highlands! Nowhere south of the Trossachs is there anything to approach such grandeur of scenery. In one day amongst the mountains and glens, or beside some peaceful loch in the Spey country, you see more beauty and do yourself more good than you would in a month at an ordinary seaside resort. Go while the summer's young, if you can, for at this time of year it keeps light in the Highlands long after darkness has fallen down south.

Travel to Scotland with a "Monthly Return Ticket"—a penny-a-mile (three-halfpence a mile first class). Choose whichever of the famous expresses you like and, if you want to, break your journey on the route going and coming back. In many parts of Scotland there are "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets" costing from 7/6. With them you can travel for a week by any train anywhere within a very wide area.

With a return ticket to Scotland you have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L M S or L·N·E·R offices and agencies:

"Scotland for Holidays" (free)

L M S—
"Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.)

L·N·E·R—
"The Holiday Handbook" (6d.)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

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CEREBOS

TABLE SALT

Saves in the long run

The Royal St. George's Grand Challenge Cup at Sandwich

J. V. C. Moberley (Royal North Devon) and Major W. H. Aitken (Royal and Ancient), who tied with R. G. Chittenden with a score of 158, and won the cup in the play-off

Comte Elie de Borchgrave (Royal Knocke, Belgium), one of the Overseas players, and R. W. Crummack (Royal and Ancient)

H. L. Archibald (Royal St. George's) and A. G. S. Penman (Mid-Kent G.C.) going to the first green. There was a representative entry, except for the absence of Northern golfers

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup

PLAY for the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup took place over the links of the Royal St. George's Golf Club on Saturday, May 11th, and resulted in a tie between R. G. Chittenden (Royal St. George's) and Major W. H. H. Aitken, who is at present home on leave from India. The tie was played over eighteen holes on the following Monday morning, and as each player took eighty shots, another replay was necessary in the afternoon, when, with more favourable weather conditions, the wind having abated, Major Aitken won with a good score of 74 against 76. Major Aitken had the run of the green with him in the afternoon; he put his second shots dead at the second, twelfth, and seventeenth holes, but I think Dame Fortune favours the brave even more at the game of golf than at any other game, pastime, or sport. The winner is one of the longest players at the present time, and it is rather surprising to me that he has never yet won the Army Championship. Chittenden lives on the edge of the links, and has won numerous club competitions at Royal St. George's, but local knowledge on this occasion could not compete successfully with the extra length of his opponent. The weather conditions on the Saturday were bad; there was a strong wind from the north-east and it was so cold that several players clad themselves in waterproof trousers, although rain was not experienced and never appeared likely to be. A north-east wind is a most unsuitable one for Royal St. George's, as it blows behind the player at the sixth, eighth, and sixteenth holes, the three short holes, and makes all these tee shots less than a full shot with a mashie-niblick—and this in spite of the fact that the eighth hole measures 183 yards—rendering it nearly impossible to stop the ball anywhere except over the greens. When the wind is behind, it is usually referred to as helping the players, but this remark most certainly does not apply at the short holes at Sandwich; in actual fact, these holes are much easier to play against a gale.

A large and representative entry for the Grand Challenge Cup was received, which included Lawson Little, the amateur champion of both the British Isles and the United States, and the other Americans who are visiting this country to play in our Amateur Championship, and the members of the Canadian touring team, in addition to most of the best players from the London district. Unfortunately, there were no entries from golfers in the North. The captain of a golf club is usually an elderly gentleman with a distinguished past—not necessarily on the golf-course. It is, therefore, very pleasant to see among the players in this, the most important competition by medal play for amateurs, the reigning captain of the home club, H. W. de Zoete, and the Hon. M. Scott, his predecessor. These two great players can still hold their own against the majority of the good young golfers of the present day. Lawson Little followed the example of the great R. T. Jones, who played in this competition in 1926, by failing to beat eighty in the morning, but he did do so in the afternoon, which is more than Jones could manage.

AT lunch time this year, the number of returns under eighty could be counted on the fingers of one hand; the leaders were W. L. Hartley, 74; F. Francis, 76; R. Sweeny, Jnr., 77; and J. B. Stevenson, 78; and it was obvious that anyone who had returned a card of about eighty was still well in the hunt. Hartley completely collapsed in the afternoon and took eighty-five shots, and Chittenden, with 78 and a total of 158, took the lead, and saw pair after pair return to the club-house without threatening his position. Towards the end of the day there were only three possible winners left—namely, Major Aitken, who was playing just in front of the other two; R. Sweeny and F. Francis, who were playing together. R. Sweeny required 3, 4, 4 for the last three holes to win, and Francis 2, 4, 4. Sweeny got a 2 to Francis's 3 at the sixteenth, and now appeared set for victory, but at the seventeenth he pulled his tee shot, bunkered his second shot, played a poor recovery, and finally took 7, while Francis took three putts. Aitken was bunkered at the sixteenth, and on the seventeenth tee required two fours to tie—and I must say he set about his job most magnificently. He played two very long tee shots; the two second shots finished about three yards from the pin, and the two approach putts missed the hole by next to nothing; his second shot to the eighteenth was one of the best shots I have ever seen. With the strong cross-wind blowing from right to left, a straight shot was certain to finish in the hollow left of the green even if it pitched on it. Aitken carried the bunker at the right entrance to the green and stopped the ball, a shot only a player with tremendous power could play in the existing weather conditions. I wonder how much George Duncan would have paid for this shot in the Open Championship of 1922, when he wanted a four for 68 to tie with Walter Hagen? His second shot slipped off the green into the hollow on the left, from where he required three more shots to hole out, his first putt stopping on the brink of the hole.

ON the Sunday following the meeting at Royal St. George's, the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup was played for over the links of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club at Deal. This competition is also decided by thirty-six holes of medal play. Lawson Little did not enter; he had probably had a sufficiency of buffeting by the wind. As at Sandwich, a north-east wind was experienced, which is most unsuitable for the course, and forces the long players to discard their driver at the first and eighteenth holes, and also makes the last four holes, which, in normal weather, make a magnificent finish, into drives and short shots with a mashie-niblick. The holder of the Cup, A. S. G. Thompson (Aldeburgh), led the field in the morning, but, like W. L. Hartley the day before, collapsed in the afternoon and took 86, and it was left to P. W. L. Risdon (Coombe Hill), with scores of 76 and 78, to win by two shots from R. H. Oppenheimer (Temple), F. Francis (Sunningdale), and E. Martin Smith (Royal St. George's), who tied for second place. Risdon had played well in the English Championship at Hollinwell, and reached the final in the Surrey Amateur Championship.

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Miss Valery Hoare and Miss Audrey Cottam, two competitors in the Ladies' Open Golf meeting held at Worplesdon

Women's Golf:

Up and Down

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I AM not sure whether the best moment in the world to write you a coherent account of a full week's golf is when one sits surrounded by all the paraphernalia of packing up for a grand tour of the British Isles; but it must be done. Wales for the Welsh this week, Northern Ireland for the Open the week after, and then, a fortnight after that, Scotland for the Scottish—Foursomes and Championship. All very delightful, but a good deal to collect. Imagine, for instance, if I should start without the BYSTANDER flag, which did its bit from the top of 346, Strand, during the Jubilee, and must next float upon the air of Morayshire; or the counters to draw the Foursomes without fear or favour.

And, really, the last few days have been so exciting that it has been difficult to think of anything else but the immediate match of the moment. It grieves me that I cannot see the decisive one between Hampshire and Surrey, being by then at Tenby, but you shall have a postscript to say which of them has won their division, or whether both (or either), have tied with Middlesex.

SURREY and Middlesex are the first I must tell you about, on a glorious day at West Hill. After one period of the afternoon, thinking they were beaten, and then that they were winning comfortably, Surrey eventually got home by the odd match only. Main impressions of the afternoon are the apparent dread Miss Betty Roberts-Harris and Miss Pam Barton had of winning holes from each other, eventually overcome by Miss Barton; of some sterling golf from Miss Regnart, which meant that she was only two over fours when she had beaten Miss Gourlay 3 and 2; and a great finish by Miss Sylvia Bailey, who holed a long putt with Mrs. Phillip Hill stone-dead at the seventeenth, and won with a great four on the eighteenth.

Next day, Worplesdon Open Meeting, one of the best of its kind, as all things are apt to be there. The course was playing short, compared with what it is from the tiger tees of mixed-foursome-time, and the greens were perfection. All the same, par is 76, and Miss Gourlay's 73 (35 out and 38 in) was remarkably fine scoring, for there was plenty of wind, which did not make things too easy on the hard ground. It will be a long time before I forget that second of hers at the eighteenth, which carried the bunkers and drifted gently into the green, or the long putt there stone-dead. Beyond all dispute, Miss Gourlay is the best score player of the present day, as capable as anybody may be of carrying the plus 3 burden which is hers. Mrs. George Hannay won the salver given by Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, for the best net score of either division, with 74 net; Mrs. Mills the senior, with 93—18=75; and Mrs. Bourn, mother of Dale, swept the board in the junior division with 95—19=76. Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Barlow captured the Foursomes. L.G.U. officials were to be seen making preliminary arrangements with Major Hine for the Great Britain v. France match on June 22nd, and in the famous garden beside the fifteenth, Mrs. Lang and her gardeners were busy instructing delphiniums and other loveliness in the way they should grow by that date. There will be every attraction and excuse for the slicer at that hole when the time comes.

MEANWHILE, Kent were dealing harshly with Sussex all day at Addington, and thus arrived once more in the county picture. If I could not watch Mrs. Davies first taking Miss Wanda Morgan to the last green in the morning or losing 5 and 4 to her in the afternoon, I could at least go to Liphook the next day for Hampshire v. Middlesex, rightly regarded as one of the key matches of the year. Hampshire, fresh from their championship there, had that advantage over Middlesex, for Liphook does need knowing, and the hard ground and high wind added to the troubles of those who were feeling their way. I admired the quiet pluck of Miss Roberts-Harris immensely. Miss Wade, after a very shaky start from both of them, went away with a run to be four up, but the Middlesex champion pulled it back to one, and refused to be beaten before the fifteenth, where Miss Wade holed a cruel putt up that puzzling bank. Mrs. Clarke went down to Miss Regnart, who really has collected some impressive scalps this season and developed her game out of all knowledge, and in the end all hung again on Mrs. Hill coming to the last green. There Mrs. Sheffield, with admirable calm, had her needful half for Hampshire's match.

She did the same on the seventeenth next day at Hayling, when Hampshire beat Kent by 5 to 2. Again things were most thrilling, and there were some very inspiring moments between Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Wade before the latter won 3 and 2. The distances seemed to puzzle the visitor not a little, but she putted so confidently and hit the ball so beautifully that nobody would be surprised to see her pull off the championship at Newcastle. Miss Wade is living up to her English title well and showing herself able to produce the counting shots at critical moments in the true champion's style. Mrs. Clarke could not stand up to Miss Fishwick's holing of a mashie-niblick for a two at the twelfth—a hole where a four satisfies most folk—and other cruelties, some self-inflicted. But what did she care, when the rest of her flock were doing so nobly? Miss Rosamund Morgan, who was putting splendidly, had won comfortably from Miss Butler; Mrs. Gage and Miss Paine had hewn their way out of bushes with such determination that they had both won; and Mrs. Sheffield completed the story.

When Kent and Hampshire met, a few days later, at Sidcup, it was another win for Hampshire by four matches to three; while at Worthing, Surrey beat Sussex by six matches to one. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

P.S.—Isn't it always said that a woman leaves the most important part of a letter to the postscript? It is true this week. Surrey beat Hampshire at St. George's Hill, and so Surrey head their division, having lost only two matches this season; now they play Essex for the South-Eastern place in the County Finals.

"The Silver King" Silver Jubilee £500 Golf Foursomes at Moor Park

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Sport with the Lid Off:

By "Mark Over"

A Lawn Tennis Player's Engagement

Above: Miss Joan Ridley, the well-known Lawn Tennis player, with her fiancé, Mr. D. J. P. O'Meara, Surgeon to the West Suffolk Hospital

Right: the Hon. E. Brand, the winner, Miss P. Schrieber, runner-up, and the semi-finalists, Miss P. Martin-Smith and Miss Rhonnda Rankin, in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf competition, which was decided at West Hill, Brookwood

Ladies' Parliamentary Golf

TEMPERAMENT and not temperature counts in cricket. For proof of this bright thought I turn to the South Africans, who have brought a touch of sunshine into shivering England.

As I write, Winter's cold fingers are trying desperately to throttle the springtime. Yet, with it all, my heart has been warmed by the spirited play of the South Africans in their clash with Surrey in the shadow of that noble pile—the Kennington gasometer. Anyone who braved the breeze when the Springboks were in action could not have regretted the discomfort of chilled feet and numbed hands, for our visitors, a likeable lot of fellows, were in smashing form.

There is no body-line bogey lurking just around the corner for these South African lads. They are here for the fun of the thing. If, of course, they can triumph in a Test—well, that's all to the good; but there is no grim intensity of purpose about their play. They are a light-hearted company, and I am sure that if any laurels come their way, they will wear them at a rakish tilt.

When the Springboks arrived, there were few real personalities in their side. H. B. Cameron stood out, of course, for he is ranked by many as the second-best wicket-keeper in the world. For the rest, however, was no flourish of trumpets. We looked on them as an average crowd of cricketers, approaching, maybe, the standard of our leading counties, and with a chance of gaining a few victories here and there.

BUT in their first four matches they have shown their hand. There is A. D. Nourse, son of Dave Nourse of everlasting memory. Old Dave of the carpet-bag hands was a giant in more than stature; young Nourse is built on the Hendren-Hammond lines, but before he has finished with us, I dare say he will loom as large as his father in our imaginations. Two centuries in each innings off the Surrey attack—limited though the county's bowling strength may be—is good going. And what hundreds they were! Here, we thought, is a fellow who knows what a glorious stroke is the off-drive, praise be to his name!

Again, there is I. J. Siedle, an authentic batsman. And we have Cameron, whose pulse-quickening glove work is backed by dashing cavalier displays with the bat. Good men, these. But there, the South Africans assured us before they started out from their land of sunshine that they had the run-getting strength. What was suspect, however, was their bowling.

Yet here they have revealed unsuspected ability. "Alphabet" Langton—his initials, A. B. C., explain everything!—has bobbed up among the wickets; and R. J. Crisp and A. J. Bell have proved themselves more than useful performers with the ball. But give me young Tomlinson, who, as I recently predicted, may be the surprise packet of the tour. Tomlinson has "come off" in all the matches in which he has played to the time of writing. He sent down some really clever spinners when Surrey were sent tumbling to defeat the other day; indeed, on this form, Tomlinson is booked for a place in the Africans' Test team.

Meanwhile, Xenophon Balaskas, the Grimmett-schooled googley specialist, has yet to show his hand. South Africans tell me that he is a good 'un when he gets going; though, as things are just now, he looks to be in the same position as the much-boomed Fleetwood-Smith, whom the Australians brought to England. Fleetwood-Smith, you may recall, did little till the Australian tour was waning—and then his chance had gone.

(*Continued on page 368*)

Four Cheery Faces at Hurlingham

H. D. Mackinnon, J. L. H. Fletcher (champion of the Royal Air Force), C. G. Pountney and S. H. Hawkins, engaged in the Hard Court Tournament at Hurlingham, making light of the Arctic wind. Fletcher and Mackinnon reached the final round of the doubles, where they were beaten by C. F. Aeschliman and Dr. P. D. B. Spence

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Left: Mr. and Mrs. R. W. V. Robins and their infant son after the christening at All Souls, Langham Place. Robins is the new Middlesex cricket captain, and seems to be making a particularly good job of it

Right: Norman Mitchell-Innes, of Sedburgh and Oxford, a double Blue at nineteen. Playing for the 'Varsity this year, he was the first player to score a century—168—against the South Africans

Below: Leslie Halliwell, of Darwen, photographed with the trophy after winning the Lancashire Golf Championship at Fleetwood, Lancs

A Cricketer's Son Christened

Norman Mitchell-Innes

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 366)

HOWEVER, while the South Africans are stealing all the thunder just now, our County Championship programme looks like being one of the best in post-war years. There is an even look about the sides. We have Glamorgan and Leicestershire routing Sussex—is this a sign of the rise of the "Cinderella" counties, or a portent of the decline of Sussex, I wonder? And there is Derbyshire getting Yorkshire in a tangle, More, we have Northants, the poor relation of cricket's family, sweeping to success over Somerset.

Surprising results, these. What's the reason? Is it the new leg-before-wicket rule finding out the grey foxes whose pad-play has irritated us so much? I wonder. It does certainly seem that the young, adventurous batsman is getting his chance just now. And I, for one, am heartily glad—we want the spirit of adventure in cricket, for it is your gasconading batsman (providing there is real skill behind his strokes) who will put the game back on its old standard.

AND now, for a moment, I must talk of the England captaincy for the Tests ahead. G. O. Allen, once he gets into action, must be in the running, but I think that R. E. S. Wyatt will lead our team in the first Test match. We got a pointer when Wyatt was chosen to lead the M.C.C. against the South Africans. But will Wyatt pilot England all through? Personally, I should not be surprised to see a change, and if E. R. T. Holmes, the shrewd Surrey skipper, fulfils his promise, then we may see him given the job later on.

WELL, going on to lawn tennis, we find Australia coming through with flying colours against New Zealand in the Davis Cup. Contrary to expectations, Quist was chosen as Jack Crawford's partner in the doubles. The Australians must have a high opinion of Quist, for I happen to know that Vivian McGrath was looked upon quite recently as the ideal partner for Crawford. However, the Crawford-Quist combination won in convincing style against New Zealand, so it will probably be maintained.

What interested me most about the cup tie was the marathon duel which Crawford had with A. C. Stedman. The Australian was taken to 14—12 and 17—15 in a couple of sets, and then, when he was winning the third, rain prevented any further play. Now, Stedman put up a plucky fight; but I was more impressed by the stamina which Crawford revealed. This gruelling match proves pretty conclusively that the Australian is in fine fettle this season—in far better shape, I imagine, than he was when he lost the Wimbledon title to Fred Perry last season.

I have freely tipped Crawford to make yet another bold bid for the British Championship. And after his test against Stedman, I am still of the opinion that he is the man to whom the crown may eventually go. Again, Australia are likely to make good progress in the Davis Cup. Indeed, on present form, they seem likely to reach the Challenge Round against Britain.

Leslie Halliwell

ALTHOUGH our "Soccer" season is now only a memory, the recent international match between England and Holland in Amsterdam—the result of which we now know—sets me thinking of the manner in which our best teams are losing on the Continent.

Personally, I hold the view that these after-season tours do English "Soccer" a disservice. The trouble is that most of the teams are jaded after a strenuous winter of football; they are a tired lot—and the Continental teams, many of them in the middle of their season, have pretty easy tasks.

Again, until there is a real understanding on the question of charging and the sliding tackle—they are banned on the Continent—bad feeling is bound to creep into these games. For instance, Manchester City, a team playing sterling football, are accused of being unsporting because their men use what (to us) are perfectly fair shoulder charges.

No, the Football Association should go into the question of these tours very closely; and, if needs be, should have no hesitation in raising a ban. I feel that there is more misunderstanding—and unfriendliness—over these out-of-season games than is good either for "Soccer" or for international good feeling.

The Designer of the Yankee

F. C. Paine, the designer of the Yankee, seen at the wheel of the yacht on arrival at Gosport, after she had made a record Atlantic crossing

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In last week's issue, through an error, the name of the "Golf Club at Home" was inadvertently printed as Ferndale. This should have been Ferndown, a very well-known course, and quite one of the best in the county of Dorset. Our apologies to those concerned are hereby tendered.

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"Brownie" Brownlow

Clubs Without Quarters

(*Continued from page* 354)

as the man who had the "scrap of paper" in his keeping. Sir Max Pemberton is one of the oldest members, and, if pressed, will tell two excellent stories. One is of the omnibus conductor who, when passing his mate, dangled the communication-cord in a peculiar manner, causing both to laugh. A benevolent old boy seated in the bus asked him why he did so. "Lor', Sir," was the reply, "that 's only a little joke between 'im and me. His father was 'anged." The other is of the criminal who suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Newgate. Shortly after, the widow met another woman, who was ignorant of the sad event, and who asked where her husband was. With perfect calm the widow replied: "He passed on. Yes, he fell off a scaffold in the City and broke his neck."

MANY members of the Crimes Club possess criminal relics. Arthur Lambton has given most of his away. They included hangmen's ropes, handcuffs, and so on. Criminologists will tell you that a section of a hangman's rope will always bring extreme good luck to its owner — rather on the lines, I suppose, of the certain run of cards which you are supposed to get in a casino if you take the seat of a man who has just committed suicide at chemin de fer. Fortunately, or unfortunately, this circumstance does not often occur.

IAN HAY finds time to attend the dinners, despite all his writing. There are several members of the Turf Club, including "Brownie" Brownlow, who sings as well as he plays golf; Major Humphrey Butler, who is so often in attendance with the Prince of Wales, and who will, no doubt, bring him to a dinner one of these years; Mr. Kenneth Campbell, one of the many Carthusians who belong to the Club; Colonel Cyril Foley, whose reminiscences are so debonair and so frequently quoted in the Sunday columns; Lord Lurgan, and Lord Rosebery, whom I have already mentioned; and, finally, Mr. C. E. Russell.

P. G. Wodehouse

OF past members, we have Beerbohm Tree and William Le Queux, who probably got much of his data from the club; Sir Charles Russell; Sir Henry Maddocks; Sir Edward Marshall Hall; Sir Wilfred Atlee, and E. W. Hornung, whose *Camera Fiend* thrilled many of us as children. Lord Portarlington, husky and hail-fellow-well-met; his son, Lord Carlow, who can speak half-a-dozen languages; Gilbert Frankau, who still seems to be able to maintain a lively hatred of "the grey hordes of Huns" (or words to that effect—see *Three Englishmen*); Sir George Turner, who was a Surgeon Rear-Admiral, and is consulting surgeon to St. George's Hospital; Eveleigh Nash; Admiral Sir Barry Domville; Sir Eric Drummond, the Ambassador; and Percy Fender, who has just removed his offices from Marylebone to Grosvenor Street, and is thus so much nearer to the Oval, are other members of the Club. C. G.

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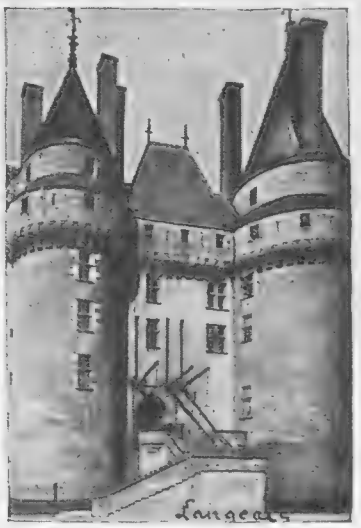

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Fast Cars and the 30-m.p.h. Limit

By The Earl of Cardigan

I DO not know to what extent people nowadays believe what they read in the papers. I hope that, in the case of motoring "news," at any rate, the general public has the good sense not to swallow, except with a substantial "grain of salt," everything that is put before it by the popular Press.

This pious hope was inspired by certain paragraphs which I read recently, in which headline publicity was given to the suggestion that fast cars are now less saleable than formerly, owing to the operation of the 30-m.p.h. speed limit. It was even suggested that certain cars would have to be "altered," so as to make them conveniently driveable under the new conditions.

Now, it may or may not be true that the sale of fast cars is declining. If it is so, one can suggest a number of more or less logical reasons to account for it. To blame the 30-m.p.h. limit, however, is surely utterly unreasonable; for did not the sports car flourish exceedingly when the 20-m.p.h. limit was universal, and when 10-m.p.h. limits existed in a great number of our towns?

PERSONALLY, if I were inclined to buy a sports car at all, I should do so now rather more readily than before. True, one must now resist the inclination to go roaring past other traffic in built-up areas; but have not sports-car drivers always had to exercise restraint in such circumstances? My recollection of the "pre-gongster" era is that the worst "thrusters" were seen at the wheel, not of sports cars, but rather of cheap, high-powered saloon models from the U.S.A.

In any event, the fact that one cannot do much overtaking in or near the towns is surely an additional reason for wishing to "get a move on" when emerging on to a stretch of open road. If, in a populous district, twenty per cent. of one's travelling has to be done at 30 m.p.h. or less, is not the prospect of a really fast run over the remaining eighty per cent. of road rendered more than ever attractive?

The talk of "alterations" being required to make modern sports cars comfortable to drive at 30 m.p.h. or less may be dismissed, I suggest, as being sheer balderdash. If one excludes purely racing productions, there is no sports car on the road to-day which cannot be driven at 30 or 20 or even 10 m.p.h. with absolute ease by any reasonably competent person.

I HAVE recently been driving one of the very fastest of British sports cars, having a genuine maximum speed of about 100 m.p.h. I can truthfully say that this car, in which I strictly observed the 30-m.p.h. limit, never gave me a moment's trouble. At times I made free use of the gear-box: at other times I "pottered" along at 10 m.p.h. or so in top gear. In the latter case, the only

(*Continued on page vi*)

What's On

(Continued from page D)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT COVENT GARDEN:

SIEGFRIED.—With Beecham conducting; last performance: to-night, 5.30.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.—Conductor, Vincenzo Bellezza: May 23rd, 8.15.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.—Furtwaengler conducts; last performance: May 24th, 6.30.

L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI.—Vincenzo Bellezza conducting: May 27th, 8.15.

GÖTTERDAMMERUNG.—Beecham conducting; last performance: May 28th, 5.

GLYNDEBOURNE MOZART FESTIVAL—DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE: May 27th.

SADLER'S WELLS ALL-BALLET SEASON: Nightly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

COMMAND CONCERT.—An all-star cast of soloists, choirs, orchestras, and conductors: Albert Hall, May 24th, 8.45.

LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL.—Second concert: Serge Koussevitzky conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in a Holst-Vaughan Williams-Liszt programme: May 22nd.

Third concert: Glinka, Stravinsky, Tchaikowsky's 6th Symphony, with Koussevitzky: May 27th, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Recitals

WINIFRED CHRISTIE.—With Max Pirani and the L.S.O. conducted by John Barbirolli: Queen's Hall, May 23rd, 8.15.

KURT APPELBAUM. — Piano recital with a Mozart programme: Wigmore Hall, May 25th, 3.

JOHN MCCORMACK.—Song recital: Albert Hall, May 26th, 3.

DANCING AND DINING, *and* SPORT, *again omitted owing to pressure on space.*

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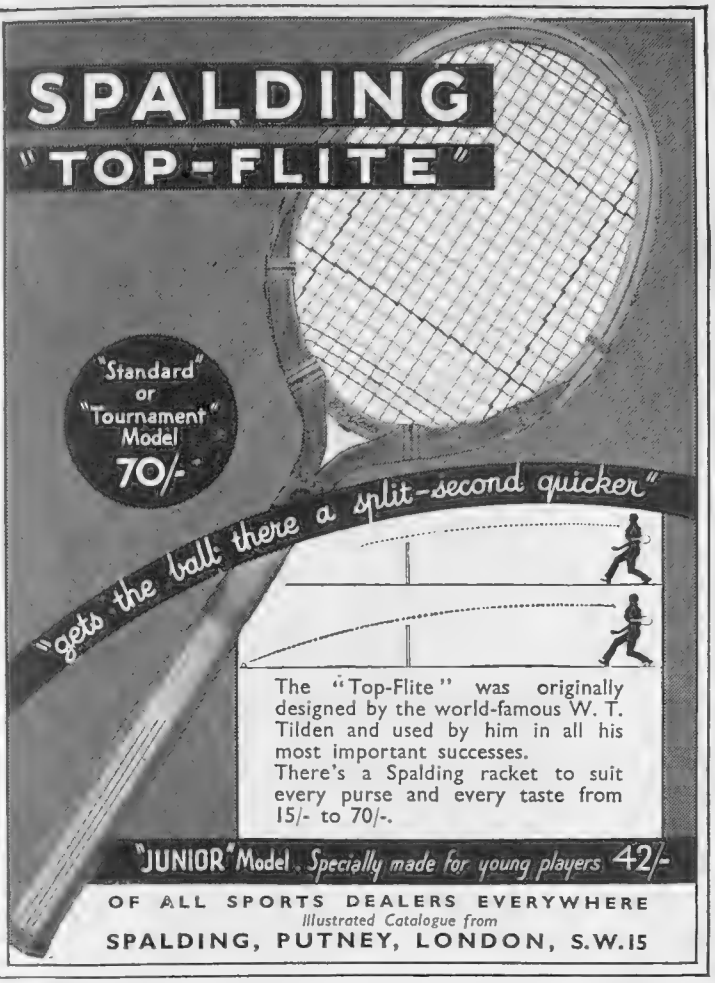

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A Tonic for a Tired Face

To feel tired is bad, but to appear it is infinitely worse, as it means that one is not looking one's best. Bodily fatigue and nerve strain all react on the complexion; small lines trace themselves round the eyes and mouth, and gradually deepen unless something is done to stop them. Madame Adelaide Grey, the well-known Beauty specialist, 27, Old Bond Street, maintains that every skin, however good it may be, requires to be cleansed, nourished and stimulated. In her booklet entitled "Natural Beauty," which will gladly be sent gratis, she describes in detail the value of all her Laleek preparations.

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Women with very dry skins show a greater tendency to wrinkle young than those with average or oily skins. Laleek Wrinkle Oil is an excellent preventive for crows-feet and puffiness under the eyes. It should be applied liberally with the finger-tips after thoroughly cleansing the skin at night with Laleek Lemon Cream or Cleansing Milk. For relaxed tissues and a sallow complexion, which are so often caused by fatigue, there is Laleek Face Masque. This is a bleach pack which will circulate the blood and awaken dormant muscles. As a remedy for blackheads it is invaluable, while it only costs 3s. a tube, and is very simple to use.

Banish Enlarged Pores

Enlarged pores are caused from a number of reasons, the most prevalent of these being the use of hot water for washing the face. This is very bad, as the steam opens the pores so that they naturally become relaxed. Indigestible diet is also a contributory factor. In order to remedy this unhappy state of affairs, Laleek Pore Cream (3s. 6d.) should be applied to all the affected parts after cleansing with cream, and allowed to remain on all night. In the morning this must be washed off with cold water, and a thin coating of Laleek Protective Cream smoothed on, followed by light dusting with Laleek powder, which costs 1s. 9d. a box.

The Rover Speed 14 streamline coupé of very pleasing design. It is an exceedingly fast car and a speed of well over 80 m.p.h. was recently recorded at Brooklands

Fast Cars and the 30-m.p.h. Limit *(Continued)*

assistance I gave to the engine was to retard the ignition—surely not a very exacting concession!

Of course, there are some sports cars—one obvious example will occur to any well-informed motorist—which can crawl in top gear at an easy 5 m.p.h., just like the ordinary "family" models. In any case, even if a little extra gear-changing should be called for, we must remember that practically every car to-day has a "fool-proof" gear-box of some sort or other, so that this supposed hard-ship has no practical significance.

As to the question of whether, apart altogether from the 30-m.p.h. speed limit, sports cars are now selling less freely than formerly, I will not venture to express an opinion. There are, as I have mentioned, several common-sense reasons why this conceivably may be the case. It may be, for instance, that aviation is increasing its appeal to those who enjoy swift travel combined with a certain "sporting" element.

A more important factor, possibly, is the present excellence of ordinary, moderately-priced saloon cars. It is surprising what a good average speed one can now maintain with perfectly standard models such as are sold by the thousand for ordinary, workaday purposes.

Almost any light car which one buys to-day is able to do its 60 m.p.h. (by the speedometer, at any rate, and very often by the stop-watch as well). Nearly all medium-sized cars will do 70 m.p.h.; and 75 m.p.h. is by no means uncommon. A big car may be relied upon to reach 80 m.p.h., even if it is carrying coachwork of a distinctly "comfortable" type.

Most of these cars will accelerate well, and nearly all are powerfully braked. One can therefore understand a sternly practical motorist saying: "Why should I buy a sports car? In my 20-h.p. saloon I can get from A to B in forty-five minutes, while old Jones, driving his 3-litre Hotstuph, does the same journey in only five minutes less. The difference is hardly worth bothering about."

One can understand this point of view, even when one does not agree with it. Personally, I think the sports car is worth while, not necessarily because it goes faster, but because it goes equally fast with very much greater ease, and with a greater reserve of power in hand. It holds the road substantially better, and on a long run is considerably less fatiguing to the driver.

It is considerations such as these which determine whether a motorist buys a sports car or one of ordinary type. As to the 30-m.p.h. limit, I find it hard to imagine any sensible person being influenced by it one way or the other. C.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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THE THEATRE

Plays

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HERVEY HOUSE.—An American comedy, played mainly by Gertrude Lawrence, Fay Compton, Nicholas Hannen: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd 's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—Polished tricks and trifling in Ashley Duke's eighteenth-century manner, with Frank Cellier and Jeanne de Casalis as aristocratic intriguers, Vivien Leigh as the attractive dupe: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE OLD LADIES.—Hugh Walpole's story makes a strange play, of Grand Guignol grimness and horror, with brilliant acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, and Mary Jerrold: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROULETTE.—Eugene Robert's production of a Monte Carlo story, with Hella Kurty, Austin Trevor, Margaret Rawlings, Nigel Patrick: Duke of York's, 8.30.

THE SKIN GAME.—Olga Lindo, Malcolm Keen, Arthur Wontner in the second play of the Galsworthy Festival: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STEVEDORE.—Paul Robeson is the stevedore in this American success: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play may be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugénie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond, as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good revue: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Derek Oldham as the Archduke: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—A fascinating circus spectacle of décor and production, with amusing moments contributed by Jack Buchanan, Ivy St. Helier, and Fred Emney: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY MASQUERADE.—A princess and gypsy prince story, set to tuneful enough music. The songs are sung by Helen Gilliland and Tom Burke: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Musical comedy on a large scale, with Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello as stars; a pleasant evening for the Ruritanian-minded: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Cambridge, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured. Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 'S GO GAY.—It 's easy to go gay with them, especially the delightful Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Compère Rex Evans, Jane Carr; the wit is neat, the décor good: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 59.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SHALL WE REVERSE?—Excursions backward through the centuries make a gay musical comedy plot, with amusing lyrics; Sydney Fairbrother and Robert Hale, Edward Cooper and June are the excursionees: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The amusing burlesque of schoolbook history has Naunton Wayne as compère, Clarice Hardwicke, Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland, as kings and queens, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

CHASE THE ACE.—An Anthony Kimmins comedy, played by Marie Löhr, Winifred Shotter, Edward Chapman, George Relph: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MIRACLE MAN.—A simple story of crooks turning virtuous, with Seymour Hicks, Margaretta Scott, and Ellaline Terriss to give pleasant substance to the tale: Victoria Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—A comedy thriller with Jack Melford, Marcelle Rogez, Mabel Poulton, Raymond Lovell: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15.

First Night

GAY DECEIVERS.—From the French success *Toi et Moi*, here played by Charlotte Greenwood, Claire Luce, Gina Malo, Clifford Mollison: Gaiety, May 23rd.

CINEMAS

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV.—Anna Sten and Fritz Kortner in a German version of the Dostoievsky classic: Academy.

BROWN ON RESOLUTION.—Betty Balfour, John Mills, and Barry Mackay and the Royal Navy star in this picture: New Gallery.

DRAKE OF ENGLAND.—Matheson Lang plays Drake. Athene Seyler plays Queen Elizabeth, Jane Baxter provides the love interest: Regal.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935.—A Busby Berkeley film, lavishly spectacular; Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou, Alice Brady head the comedy cast: Capital.

KID MILLIONS.—The latest of Eddie Cantor crazy adventure series reappears here: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton. Last week.

LOVE IN BLOOM.—A comedy with romance, played by Joe Morrison, Dixie Lee, and Burns and Allen: Plaza.

LES MISÉRABLES.—Charles Laughton once more superb as detective Javert; Fredric March plays Jean Valjean effectively enough: Tivoli.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG KING.—Emil Jannings as Frederick the Great's father, in a fine historical film: Curzon.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

PAGEANTRY, SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—The Army, Navy, and Air Force's great indoor show: Olympia, to May 25th.

TROOPING THE COLOUR.—Guard mounting and trooping the colour by battalion finding King's Guard for the day: Horse Guards Parade, every week-day, 9.30 a.m. (weather permitting).

PAUL MAZE.—Exhibition of drawings. Also a show of paintings by the French School: Wildenstein Galleries, Carlos Place.

SILVER JUBILEE PAGEANT: Albert Hall, May 22nd.

TOWER OF LONDON PAGEANT AND TATTOO.—In aid of Tower Hill Improvement Fund: from May 25th.

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.—The gardeners' great yearly outing: Royal Chelsea Hospital, May 22nd-24th.

(*Continued on page* iv)

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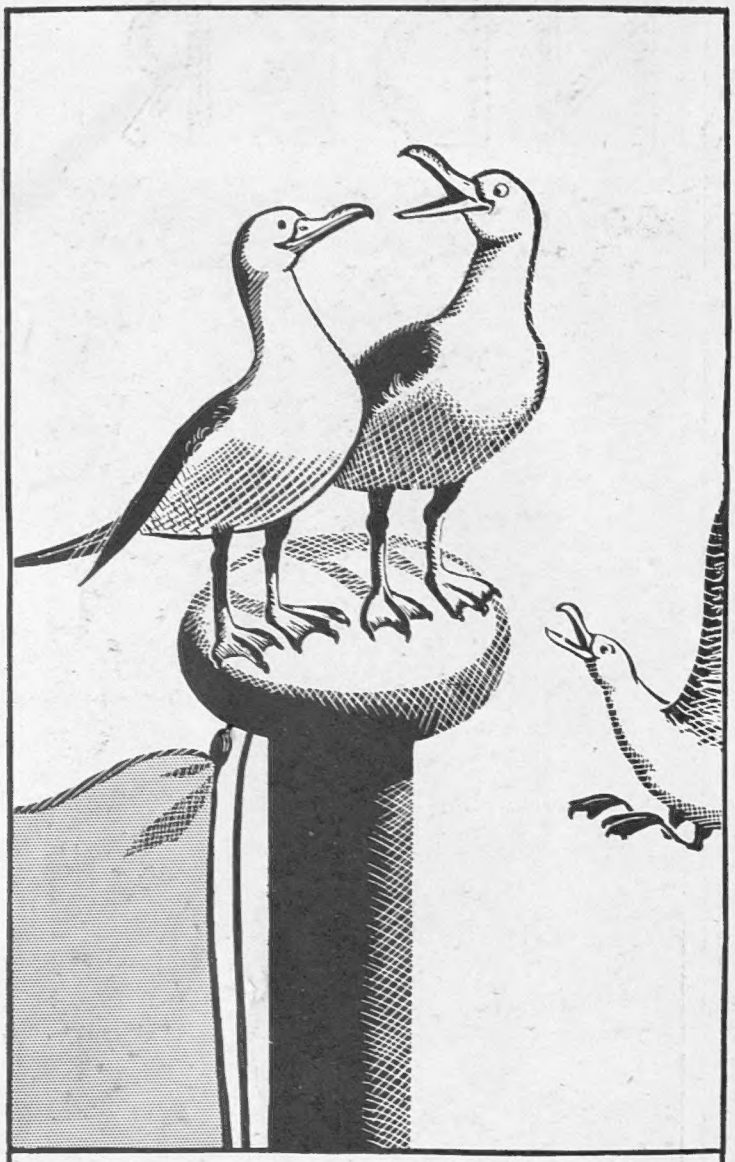

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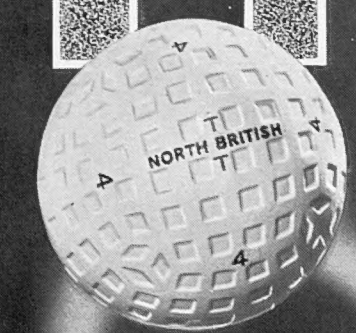

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